

# The Night Journey and the Five Precious Prayers

Islamic Poems for Children

Volume 8

By

Mansoor Ali Shah

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This book is intended for children aged 5-10 years. The stories and teachings are based on authentic Islamic principles, including references to Hadith, and are designed to promote positive moral values and character development.

The content is presented in a simple and engaging dialogue format, tailored for young readers. While the stories are carefully crafted to be age-appropriate, parents and guardians are encouraged to read the book with their children to ensure full understanding and provide additional context when needed.

For further clarification on the Islamic teachings mentioned, readers are encouraged to consult qualified scholars or trusted Islamic resources.

All efforts have been made to present the teachings of Islam accurately. However, readers are advised to seek further knowledge from authoritative sources to gain a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter.

## The Journey to the Heavens

Mansoor:

Baba, last night I saw the sky,  
So full of stars and way up high.  
Do angels live beyond the blue?  
Did our Prophet ﷺ go there too?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, one blessed night,  
The Prophet ﷺ soared in heavenly flight.  
From Makkah's roof, a light did shine,  
As Jibreel (AS) came with a task divine.

Mansoor:

What happened then, Baba, oh do tell!  
Was it a dream or something real?

Baba:

Jibreel (AS) opened the Prophet's chest,  
And washed his heart with Zamzam's best.  
He filled it with wisdom, with faith and light,  
Preparing him for a sacred night.

Mansoor:

To the sky he flew, like a bird so free?  
Was he alone or did angels see?

Baba:

Jibreel (AS) held his hand so tight,  
They rose together into the night.  
They knocked on Heaven's glowing gate,  
"Who is it?" came the question straight.

Mansoor:

Did they let him in without delay?  
Was someone waiting on the way?

Baba:

Yes, dear son, the gate swung wide,  
And Adam (AS) stood there with pride.  
He saw both joy and sorrow near—  
Souls of Paradise and Hell were clear.

Mansoor:

Did he cry, Baba? Was he sad?

Baba:

He wept for those who chose the bad.  
But smiled for those who chose what's right—  
Their hearts were filled with truth and light.

Mansoor:

Who else was there in Heaven's land?

Baba:

Idris (AS), Musa (AS), by Allah's command.  
Isa (AS), kind and mild,  
And Ibrahim (AS), the Prophet's forechild.  
Each one greeted him with love,  
Welcoming him from skies above.

Mansoor:

Did Allah give him something great?

Baba:

Yes, my child, it sealed our fate.  
Fifty prayers were first made due,  
But Musa (AS) said, "That's too much to do!"

Mansoor:

So did he go back? Again and again?

Baba:

Yes, till five remained—but the reward stayed same.  
Each prayer counts like ten, you see,  
Allah's mercy is deep as the sea.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba, I want to pray,  
To thank Allah five times a day.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my lovely son.

This journey taught us—we are One.

One Ummah, one prayer, one guiding light,

And the Prophet ﷺ showed us what is right.

## The Secret of Two and Four

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question today,

Why do our prayers change when we're away?

At home we pray four, but while we roam,

Why is it just two when we're far from home?

Baba:

Ah, my sweet Mansoor, what a thoughtful ask,

To understand prayer is a noble task.

Long ago, when prayer began,

It started with just two for every man.

Mansoor:

Two for every time we prayed?

Even when at home we stayed?

Baba:

Yes, dear one, Aisha (RA) told,

That's how it was in days of old.  
When prayers were first made part of our way,  
They were two Rakats for night and day.

Mansoor:  
So why did they change, Baba, please share?  
Why more at home, but fewer elsewhere?

Baba:  
Allah in His Mercy made it so,  
That travel should not feel like a heavy blow.  
He kept the journey prayer light and small,  
Just two Rakats—that's all we recall.

Mansoor:  
And at home, He added more?  
To show us love in every chore?

Baba:  
Yes, at home we have the time,  
So four Rakats feel just fine.  
But when we travel, far and wide,  
Two are enough—Allah's Mercy is our guide.

Mansoor:  
SubhanAllah! That's really kind,  
To ease our hearts and calm our mind.



Even in prayer, He thinks of me,  
No matter where I choose to be!

Baba:  
That's the beauty of our Deen,  
So full of care, so pure and clean.  
So remember, son, where'er you go,  
Allah's Love will always flow.

Mansoor:  
Baba, let's pray together now,  
To thank our Lord and make a vow—  
To never miss a single prayer,  
At home, on land, or anywhere!

Baba:  
That's my boy—may your heart stay true,  
And may Allah always guide you through.

### The Shared Veil on Eid Day

Mansoor:  
Baba, today at Eid prayer I saw,  
Women in rows, filled with awe.  
But one girl stood behind so shy,  
She had no scarf to cover her high.

Baba:

Ah, my dear, you saw it right,  
She stayed back out of humble fright.  
But do you know what our Prophet said,  
When one had no scarf for her head?

Mansoor:

No, Baba! What did he say?  
Did he let her stay away?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, he showed us care,  
He taught us all to love and share.  
He said, “Let her join in the cheer,  
And borrow a veil from someone near.”

Mansoor:

So even if she didn’t own a scarf,  
She still could come and take part?

Baba:

Exactly, son, that’s what we learn,  
Everyone matters—it’s Allah’s concern.  
Even those who can’t join the prayer,  
Can still be there and show they care.

Mansoor:

That's so kind, Baba, so fair and sweet!  
So no one's left out from this blessed treat?

Baba:

Yes, Eid is for all, big and small,  
Veiled or not, they answer the call.  
Menstruating women didn't pray that day,  
But they still joined in, in a beautiful way.

Mansoor:

They stood and smiled and said Duas too?  
Even though they didn't do what we do?

Baba:

Yes, my son, they stood with pride,  
Their hearts with Allah, right by our side.  
This is the mercy our faith has shown—  
No one should feel left out or alone.

Mansoor:

Baba, next Eid, if someone's in need,  
I'll share my things and do a good deed!  
Even my cap or my prayer mat,  
So all can feel joy—imagine that!

Baba:

That's the spirit, my lovely boy,

To spread the light, to share the joy.  
You've learned a lesson true and clear:  
Faith is love, and love is near.

### The Prayer with One Cloth

Mansoor:

Baba, today I wore my best,  
Two new clothes, clean and pressed.  
But at the masjid, I saw a boy,  
Wearing just one, without any joy.

Baba:

That's okay, my dear, don't you frown,  
A single cloth should not bring one down.  
In the Prophet's time, many had few,  
Yet they prayed strong, sincere and true.

Mansoor:

Really, Baba? They had just one?  
Did they still pray when the cloth was gone?

Baba:

Yes, my son. Once Jabir stood,  
In only an Izar, doing what he could.  
His other clothes hung on a nearby peg,  
But he showed the way without any beg.

Mansoor:

Someone laughed or asked him why?

Did Jabir frown or start to cry?

Baba:

No, my son, he stayed composed,

And taught a lesson as truth exposed.

He said, "I wore this to teach someone,

In the Prophet's time, this was often done."

Mansoor:

So it's not the clothes, but what's in the heart?

That makes our prayer a sacred part?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood,

Allah loves faith and inner good.

Whether rich or poor, neat or not,

Every prayer is a priceless spot.

Mansoor:

Then I will never laugh or stare,

If someone's clothes are worse for wear.

I'll smile, be kind, and help if I can,

That's what makes a true Muslim man.

Baba:  
MashaAllah, my little star,  
Your heart is pure and shines afar.  
Remember, son, to always see—  
Beyond the cloth, the soul is key.

## The Simple Cloth

Mansoor:  
Baba, today in class we spoke,  
About Salah and a special cloak.  
Some kids laughed when one boy wore,  
Just one long cloth—and nothing more.

Baba:  
Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you true,  
A lesson that's both old and new.  
Jabir once prayed in just one wrap,  
No fancy clothes upon his lap.

Mansoor:  
Really? But Baba, isn't that strange?  
To stand in prayer with such short range?

Baba:  
It may seem so in our day,  
But listen well to what I say.

Jabir said the Prophet too,  
Prayed like that—it's Sunnah too!

Mansoor:  
So it's not the dress that makes it right?  
But how we pray, both day and night?

Baba:  
Exactly, son! You've got it now—  
With love and focus, not just how.  
Even if you have just one,  
You can still pray and earn Allah's sun.

Mansoor:  
I'll tell my friends not to tease,  
And always pray with heart at ease.  
Rich or poor, or clothed just so,  
It's the soul that makes the blessings grow.

Baba:  
That's my boy, I'm proud to say,  
You learned the Sunnah in a thoughtful way.  
Always look with kindness deep—  
And let the lessons of Prophet ﷺ keep.

The Crossed Cloth Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw a man today,  
Who wore one cloth in such a way.  
He crossed its ends upon his chest,  
And still he prayed with peace and rest.

Baba:

That's beautiful, my dear young one,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ had done.  
Umar bin Abi Salama saw it clear,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with no cloak near.

Mansoor:

He only wore one cloth, you say?  
And still he bowed and went to pray?

Baba:

Yes, my son, with grace and care,  
He crossed its ends and stood in prayer.  
It's not in wealth or clothes so grand—  
But in the love and heart we stand.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if people stare?  
And whisper things about what we wear?

Baba:



Then smile, Mansoor, and stand up tall,  
For Allah sees the heart of all.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us a way,  
That simple clothes can lead the day.

Mansoor:  
So it's not the cloth but how we pray,  
That brings us closer every day?

Baba:  
Exactly, son, your heart's the key—  
To every step in Deen, you see.  
Be kind, be brave, and never shy,  
To follow truth and aim so high.

Mansoor:  
I'll remember this, O Baba dear,  
And pray with heart so true and clear.

Baba:  
That's my boy—with faith so bright,  
Your simple prayer will shine with light.

### The One-Cloth Prayer

Mansoor:  
Baba, today I wrapped a sheet,

Just like a cloak from head to feet.  
I crossed it gently 'round my arms,  
It felt so warm, so full of calm.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a lovely way,  
It brings to mind a blessed day—  
When in the home of Umm Salama dear,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, with no robe near.

Mansoor:

Just one cloth? No shirt? No vest?  
And still he prayed with all the rest?

Baba:

Yes, my son, in simple grace,  
He wrapped the cloth around his waist.  
Then crossed its ends upon his back,  
No need for more—no need to lack.

Mansoor:

But Baba, don't we need two clothes,  
When we stand to pray in rows?

Baba:

If we have them, then that's okay,  
But one is fine, if that's the way.

The Prophet ﷺ showed us it's true—  
Simplicity is worship too.

Mansoor:

So prayer's not about looking grand,  
But praying right, the way we stand?

Baba:

Exactly, son, it's not the dress—  
But your heart's pure humbleness.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught through what he wore,  
That faith is rich, though clothes are poor.

Mansoor:

I'll pray like him when times are bare,  
And never feel ashamed to care.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my precious light—  
Allah loves what's done with right.

Wrapped in One Cloth

Mansoor:

Baba, my shirt had a little tear,  
So I prayed in my shawl with extra care.  
I crossed it tight, made sure it stayed,

Is that okay, the way I prayed?

Baba:

Mansoor, my son, you did just right,  
Your prayer still reached Allah's light.  
Do you know what the Prophet ﷺ would do?  
He'd pray in one cloth, simple and true.

Mansoor:

Really, Baba? No robe or vest?  
Just one piece wrapped across his chest?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, I'll tell you more—  
In Umm Salama's house, behind closed door,  
The Prophet ﷺ stood to pray with grace,  
One garment wrapped round his waist.

Mansoor:

Did he cross the ends up high?  
So they wouldn't fall or fly?

Baba:

Exactly, he wrapped them on his shoulder,  
Firm and neat, as he grew older.  
It wasn't riches that he wore—  
But love for Allah that mattered more.

Mansoor:

So praying neat is what we try,  
Even if our clothes aren't fancy or high?

Baba:

Yes, my child, it's how we stand,  
With pure heart and lifted hand.  
One cloth is fine, if clean and good—  
Just pray with love, as Muslims should.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, now I know,  
To pray with care, not for a show.

Baba:

That's my boy—so full of light,  
Follow the Prophet ﷺ, and you'll do right.

## The Warm Welcome of Mercy

Mansoor:

Baba, today I helped a friend,  
Who got in trouble near the bend.  
He hid behind our garden tree,  
And whispered, "Please, will you hide me?"

Baba:

Mansoor, my son, you did what's kind,  
But tell me more—what's on your mind?

Mansoor:

Another boy said he was bad,  
And ran to tell his angry dad.  
I felt afraid, but let him stay—  
Was I wrong to help that way?

Baba:

Come close, my dear, and let me share  
A story that is just and fair.  
Do you know Um Hani's name?  
She came when Makkah's peace first came.

Mansoor:

Um Hani... was she kind too?

Baba:

Yes, her heart was strong and true.  
She gave a man a place to hide,  
Though her brother raged with pride.  
She told the Prophet ﷺ what she had done,  
He said, "We protect the one you've won."

Mansoor:

So the Prophet ﷺ showed her love?

Baba:

Yes, he welcomed her with words above:

"Welcome, O Um Hani dear!"

He made her feel safe and clear.

He bathed with Fatima holding a screen,

Then prayed Duha, so calm and serene.

Mansoor:

So kindness isn't wrong or weak?

Baba:

No, it's the brave and wise who seek

To shelter others, just like she—

A hero in her modesty.

You did right by standing tall,

Kindness wins the hearts of all.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba! Now I see—

Helping others is bravery.

Baba:

That's my son, with heart so wide,

Let mercy be your greatest guide.

## The Lesson in a Single Robe

Mansoor:

Baba, today I felt so shy,  
At school, my clothes were not as high.  
Some kids had jackets, shoes so neat—  
While mine were plain from head to feet.

Baba:

My sweet Mansoor, don't feel dismay,  
Our Prophet ﷺ taught us a better way.  
One day, a man asked him with care,  
“Can we still pray with just one wear?”

Mansoor:

Only one? Not dressed up grand?

Baba:

Yes, just one cloth—wrapped by hand.  
The Prophet ﷺ asked, so soft and wise:  
"Does everyone have two in size?"  
He taught that prayer is not about gold,  
But about a heart, sincere and bold.

Mansoor:

So it's okay if I don't shine?



Baba:

Of course, my son, you're doing fine.  
Your clothes may be simple, but listen near—  
Allah sees hearts, both bright and clear.  
He sees your truth, your gentle soul,  
Not pockets deep or garments whole.

Mansoor:

That makes me feel both proud and light,  
I'll pray with joy, morning and night.

Baba:

That's my boy, with wisdom grown—  
True beauty is in what's shown  
By kindness, love, and honest deeds—  
Not costly things or worldly needs.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, now I know—  
It's not our clothes, but hearts that glow.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, and never forget:  
Allah's love is the greatest asset.

The Importance of Proper Covering

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something today,  
A friend of mine, in a strange way.  
He prayed in a shirt, too short and tight,  
The sleeves were small, the fit not right.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, I understand,  
But there's something you must understand.  
The Prophet ﷺ, wise and kind,  
Taught us lessons that guide the mind.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ say?  
About the way we should pray?

Baba:

He said, "When praying, cover well,  
Your shoulders too, as I will tell.  
Do not pray in a single cloth,  
That leaves your shoulders bare, you must."

Mansoor:

So, it's important to be well-dressed,  
When we stand before Allah, and do our best?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it's not about style,  
But showing respect, with every mile.  
We stand before Allah, pure and true,  
With modesty, in all we do.

Mansoor:  
So I should wear a proper robe,  
Cover my shoulders, and be bold?

Baba:  
Exactly, Mansoor, that's the way,  
To pray with respect, day by day.  
It's not about what others wear,  
But how we show that we care.

Mansoor:  
Thank you, Baba, now I see,  
That modesty is key for me.

Baba:  
Remember, Mansoor, always know—  
What matters most is how we grow,  
In kindness, love, and in our prayer,  
For Allah sees us, always there.

The Proper Way to Wear a Garment

Mansoor:

Baba, today I had a thought,  
About the way I should be caught.  
When I pray, should I wear one robe,  
Or must I dress in something more bold?

Baba:

Ah, my son, it's a question so wise,  
Let me teach you with words that rise.  
The Prophet ﷺ, with gentle care,  
Taught us how to dress for prayer.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ teach us, Baba?  
How should I wear my robe for salah?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said, with a smile,  
"If you pray in one garment, that's worthwhile,  
But cross its ends upon your chest,  
So your shoulders are covered and you look your best."

Mansoor:

I see! So I should cross the ends,  
To cover my shoulders when I stand and bend.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's the way—  
It shows respect as we pray each day.  
It's not about fashion or being grand,  
But about showing Allah we understand.

Mansoor:  
So, it's not about how fancy I dress?

Baba:  
No, Mansoor, it's more than the rest.  
It's about sincerity, heart, and grace,  
And dressing for prayer in the proper place.

Mansoor:  
I'll wear my garment with care and pride,  
And make sure my shoulders are covered, wide.

Baba:  
That's my son, you've understood well,  
The Prophet's صلى الله عليه وسلم words, they truly excel.  
Respect in prayer is what we seek,  
And it's done with humility, not being sleek.

Mansoor:  
Thank you, Baba, for the lesson today,  
I'll follow the guidance in every way!

Baba:

You're welcome, Mansoor, with a heart so true,  
Always remember, Allah loves you.

## The Right Way to Wear a Garment

Mansoor:

Baba, today I have a question in mind,  
About how we should dress when we pray and bind.  
If I wear a single garment, should I be okay?  
Or do I need to wear something more to pray?

Baba:

Ah, my son, that's a thoughtful query,  
Let me tell you something quite clear and cheery.  
The Prophet ﷺ once showed us the way,  
When he prayed in a single garment, day by day.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ say, Baba?  
How should we wear the garment for prayer, tell me more?

Baba:

Jabir bin Abdullah, with wisdom bright,  
Travelled with the Prophet ﷺ through the night.  
He wore a garment, covering his shoulders too,  
And the Prophet ﷺ asked, "Jabir, what's new?"

Mansoor:

What did Jabir reply to the Prophet ﷺ, Baba?

Baba:

He said, "It's a garment I wear, to cover my chest,  
It's a bit tight, but I wear it with zest."

The Prophet ﷺ smiled and then said,  
"If the garment is large, cover your shoulders, well  
spread."

Mansoor:

But what if the garment is too tight, Baba?

Baba:

Ah, if it's tight, use it as an Izar, my dear,  
Tie it around your waist, and hold it near.  
The Prophet ﷺ's advice is so true,  
Wear your garments in the best way to you.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, I'll wear my best,  
For prayer is special, and we must dress.

Baba:

Indeed, my son, it's not about being grand,  
It's about dressing with respect, as you stand.

In prayer, it's our hearts that must shine,  
But the way we dress shows we care for the Divine.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for the lesson so bright,  
I'll wear my garment with love, for Allah's light.

Baba:

You're welcome, Mansoor, my pride and joy,  
May your prayers always bring you joy.

The Right Way to Pray and Respect Each Other

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question today,  
About how we pray in the best way.  
I see the men and women in prayer,  
Is there something special that we should prepare?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question, indeed,  
Let me share with you what the Prophet ﷺ decreed.  
The men once prayed with their Izars tied high,  
Around their necks, just like the boys would try.

Mansoor:

That sounds a little strange, Baba, what do you mean?



What did the Prophet ﷺ say, and what was seen?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ noticed it and spoke with care,  
He told the men to pray with their heads held fair.  
But he also advised the women, so wise,  
To wait until the men's heads did rise.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did the women need to do,  
When should they lift their heads, and why, too?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said, "Wait for the men,  
To sit properly before you rise again."  
It was a way to keep things respectful and neat,  
To show that in prayer, we all must meet.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's all about respect and care,  
For others around us, and the prayers we share?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, it's about harmony and grace,  
In our actions and prayers, we find our place.  
Respecting each other, young and old,  
Makes our prayers strong, like the stories told.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, I now understand,  
How respect in prayer is part of Allah's plan.

Baba:

You're welcome, my son, you make me proud,  
May your prayers be sincere, humble, and loud.  
For in the way we pray and respect one another,  
We honor Allah, our Lord, like no other.

### The Prophet's Way of Purity

Mansoor:

Baba, I've been thinking a lot today,  
About the way we pray and the things we say.  
I heard that the Prophet ﷺ was once out,  
And needed to perform ablution, no doubt.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's a great thing to learn,  
Let me tell you a story with wisdom to discern.  
Once, the Prophet ﷺ was on a journey so wide,  
With Mughira bin Shuba by his side.

Mansoor:

What happened then, Baba, what did they see?

How did the Prophet ﷺ perform his Wudu, you see?

Baba:

They were traveling, and the Prophet ﷺ said,  
"Take this container of water," and Mughira obeyed.  
But the Prophet ﷺ went far away to answer the call,  
And when he returned, something happened, after all.

Mansoor:

What happened, Baba? Was it something strange?  
How did the Prophet ﷺ do things, did he change?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ wore a cloak, so tight,  
And when he tried to take out his hands, it wasn't right.  
The sleeves were too tight, so what did he do?  
He took his hands out from under and continued.

Mansoor:

That sounds tricky, Baba! What did he then do?  
How did the Prophet ﷺ make his Wudu?

Baba:

He took the water, and with gentle grace,  
He washed his hands, his face, and each place.  
But when it came to his Khuff, his leather shoes,  
He passed his wet hands over them to continue his dues.

Mansoor:

So the Prophet ﷺ, with ease and care,  
Taught us how to make Wudu, always fair?

Baba:

Yes, my son, he showed us how to stay pure,  
Even on journeys, his actions were sure.  
He used what he had, with wisdom and might,  
To keep his worship and heart always right.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for sharing this tale,  
I will remember it, and never fail.  
To follow the Prophet ﷺ's example each day,  
In purity and prayer, along Allah's way.

The Prophet ﷺ and the Stones of the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story so grand,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and the Ka'bah's sand.  
Tell me, Baba, what did he do,  
When building the Ka'bah, with his people so true?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, this is a tale to tell,

Of courage and sacrifice, oh so well.  
The Prophet ﷺ, with his companions so dear,  
Was carrying stones, without any fear.

Mansoor:

Carrying stones, Baba? Was he not tired?  
How did he manage, when his strength was required?

Baba:

Yes, my son, he carried with grace,  
But his uncle, Al-Abbas, saw his face.  
"O nephew," he said, "it would be better for you,  
To place your Izar on your shoulders too."

Mansoor:

What is an Izar, Baba, tell me please,  
Is it like a cloak or something to ease?

Baba:

An Izar, my son, is a waist cover so neat,  
A cloth that wraps you, to keep you complete.  
The Prophet ﷺ took it off and placed it with care,  
On his shoulders, under the stones he did bear.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what happened when he did this deed?  
Why did he fall unconscious, indeed?

Baba:

When the Prophet ﷺ carried the weight,  
He fell unconscious—something wasn't great.  
Since that day, he was never seen bare,  
For the Prophet ﷺ, in modesty, did care.

Mansoor:

So Baba, the Prophet ﷺ taught us well,  
That modesty in all things is a message to tell.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, modesty is key,  
To be humble, respectful, and pure, you see.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
In every action, night, and day.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for sharing this truth,  
I will remember it, and follow the proof.  
Modesty and strength, like the Prophet ﷺ, so kind,  
With these values, I will always shine.

The Garments of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard of a man who once did ask,

About praying in one garment, a simple task.  
What did the Prophet ﷺ say to him,  
When he asked about the clothes for prayer, so slim?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, this is a story of grace,  
When a man stood up, with a question to face.  
He asked the Prophet ﷺ, so wise and true,  
"Can we pray in just one garment, is that what we do?"

Mansoor:

And what did the Prophet ﷺ say, Baba dear?  
Did he give an answer that was very clear?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ smiled, and he answered with care,  
"Do all of you have only one garment to wear?"  
And when no one had spoken, he said once again,  
"If you have two garments, then wear them when you pray,  
my friend."

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if we don't have two to wear?  
Can we still pray, with only one garment to spare?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, a lesson to learn,

From the Prophet ﷺ, wisdom we discern.  
Umar (RA) once said, when wealth comes your way,  
Dress properly for prayers, as Allah would say.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if we're poor and don't have two clothes,  
What should we do when to pray we go?

Baba:

You see, Mansoor, the answer is quite clear,  
You can pray in an Izar, that much is dear.  
A sheet, a shirt, or trousers with care,  
Whatever you have, just make sure you wear.

Mansoor:

So it's not about riches or how much we own,  
But how we pray with what's ours, and how we've grown?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's not the wealth we possess,  
It's about being humble and praying with the best.  
When we pray, it's the heart that counts most,  
Modesty and devotion should shine like a host.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, it's not about things,  
But how we stand and how our prayer rings.



With love in our hearts and respect in our mind,  
In simple clothes, we are truly aligned.

## The Clothes of a Muhrim

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard about a man who asked,  
What should a Muhrim wear when on a task?  
What did the Prophet ﷺ say, so wise,  
To guide him with wisdom that never dies?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a story we know,  
It's about the special dress for Hajj, you know.  
A Muhrim is someone in a sacred state,  
On a journey to Allah, with a heart so great.

Mansoor:

What kind of clothes should a Muhrim wear?  
Can he wear his best clothes, with jewels to spare?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, that's not the way to be,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught, as clear as can be.  
A Muhrim should not wear a shirt or pants,  
Nor a hooded cloak, that hinders his dance.

Mansoor:

Then what should he wear, Baba, tell me, please,  
If not his regular clothes, what is the decree?

Baba:

He should wear simple cloth, two pieces, no less,  
No bright saffron, no perfume to impress.  
If he cannot find sandals to wear on his feet,  
He may wear Khuffs, but short enough to meet.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, a Muhrim must wear simple attire,  
Not to show off, but to be pure, and higher?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's the state of the heart,  
Not the clothes we wear, but the purity we start.  
When on Hajj, you must remain humble and pure,  
In simple clothes, your devotion is sure.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, it's not about style,  
But the sincerity within, which goes the extra mile.  
A Muhrim's clothes show a heart that is true,  
Focused on worship, as Allah would do.

Baba:

Well said, Mansoor, now you know the way,  
True worship is about the heart's display.  
In every act of worship, we strive for grace,  
With humble hearts, we seek Allah's embrace.

## The Right Way to Sit and Dress

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard about something we should avoid,  
A way of sitting, that's not to be enjoyed.  
The Prophet ﷺ forbade two things, I'm told,  
Could you tell me what they are, so I unfold?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, a good question indeed,  
The Prophet ﷺ gave guidance we need.  
One of these things, it's called Ishtimal-As-Samma,  
When you wrap yourself tight, with no room to act, like a clam.

Mansoor:

What do you mean, Baba? It sounds so strange,  
How could a person wrap up and change?

Baba:

Ishtimal-As-Samma is when you wrap so tight,  
That your arms are trapped, and you can't hold them right.

It's not just about comfort, but modesty too,  
We must dress in a way that's respectful and true.

Mansoor:

And what about the second thing, Baba, do tell,  
What did the Prophet ﷺ say so well?

Baba:

It's called Al-Ihtiba, my dear son,  
A way of sitting that shouldn't be done.  
When you sit with your knees close to your chest,  
And your feet apart, it's not how we're blessed.

Mansoor:

Oh! I see, Baba, that's not the way,  
To sit or to dress when we pray each day.  
But why did the Prophet ﷺ teach us this rule?  
Is there a lesson for me, that I should keep cool?

Baba:

Yes, my dear son, it's all about grace,  
We must always be mindful of the way we place.  
Modesty and respect, in every action we do,  
Are the keys to a life that's pure and true.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, when I sit or dress for prayer,

I should remember this, and be mindful, with care.  
In all that I do, I must strive to be right,  
With modesty and respect, in the day and the night.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've learned it so well,  
Live with the values the Prophet ﷺ did tell.  
Modesty, humility, and kindness, you see,  
Are the way of the believer, and the way we should be.

## The Right Way to Buy and Sell

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard about some sales we should avoid,  
Could you explain them to me, so I'm not annoyed?  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us a way to trade,  
So that fairness and honesty would never fade.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you're right to ask,  
The Prophet ﷺ guided us with a very important task.  
Two kinds of sales were forbidden by him,  
To ensure fairness, and to avoid a grim sin.

Mansoor:

What kind of sales, Baba, are not good to do?  
I'm curious to learn, so I can follow through.

Baba:

The first is called Al-Limais, my dear,  
Where the buyer touches something, without checking it  
near.

If they can't see or inspect, the deal's too fast,  
It's not fair, and it doesn't last.

Mansoor:

That doesn't sound right, Baba, not at all,  
The buyer should always see the product, big or small.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've got it so right,  
The buyer must check, before making the deal tight.  
The second one is An-Nibadh, you see,  
Where the seller throws something without letting it be.

Mansoor:

So the buyer doesn't get to inspect?  
That sounds unfair, Baba, I would expect,  
That both should have a chance, to check and see,  
What's being bought or sold, fair and clearly.

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the point, you see,  
To ensure fairness, for both you and me.

We must deal with others in the best way,  
Honesty and fairness should guide us each day.

Mansoor:

So Baba, when I trade or buy,  
I'll remember these rules, and always try,  
To be honest and fair, in all I do,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ taught us too.

Baba:

Well said, Mansoor, I'm proud of you,  
Fairness and honesty are values true.  
By following these teachings, we'll live with grace,  
And spread kindness and fairness in every place.

## The Announcement of a New Rule

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard about an important event,  
When the Prophet ﷺ sent a message to be sent.  
Was it during Hajj, when the rules were clear,  
To guide the pilgrims and keep the path sincere?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you're right once again,  
The Prophet ﷺ made a message plain.  
It was the Day of Nahr, so full of grace,

A new rule was announced for the sacred place.

Mansoor:

What rule, Baba, was told on that day,  
To guide the pilgrims along their way?

Baba:

The rule was simple, yet strong and true,  
No pagan may come, and no naked too.  
They cannot perform Hajj or Tawaf around the Ka'bah,  
This was the message, clear for all to follow.

Mansoor:

But why, Baba, was this rule so strict?  
What did it mean, and how did it stick?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ wanted to keep Hajj pure,  
A place of worship that would always endure.  
No impurity, no wrong should take place,  
Only those who believe in Allah's grace.

Mansoor:

So, it was to keep Hajj for those who believe,  
And to honor the Ka'bah, Allah's house to relieve?

Baba:



Exactly, my son, you understand so well,  
Hajj is for Muslims, as the Prophet ﷺ did tell.  
To keep it sacred, and protect its form,  
To honor the rules, and keep away harm.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how important it is,  
To follow the rules, and live with bliss.  
The Ka'bah is sacred, and so is the Hajj,  
We must respect it, and follow each judge.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for learning so fast,  
The rules of Islam are meant to last.  
By following them, we honor our faith,  
And live a life full of truth and grace.

### The Lesson of Praying with Simplicity

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something strange the other day,  
A man praying in a way that made me say,  
He wore only one garment, with his Rida aside,  
Was that a way the Prophet ﷺ would abide?

Baba:

Ah, my son, you noticed something quite right,

This story has meaning, let me shed light.  
It was Jabir bin Abdullah, a companion so true,  
Who prayed in this way, just for you.

Mansoor:

But why, Baba, did he pray like this?  
With his Rida lying, something I might miss?

Baba:

Jabir did it, my son, with a lesson in mind,  
To show the people, who were often blind.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed this way, simple and pure,  
A reminder to focus on worship, that's for sure.

Mansoor:

So, he wanted to teach the people around,  
That prayer is for Allah, and not for show or sound?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood it so well,  
It's not about clothes, or how we might swell.  
It's about focusing on Allah, and keeping it real,  
For our hearts to be clean, and true faith to feel.

Mansoor:

But Baba, can we wear nice clothes to pray?  
Shouldn't we look good to please Allah that way?

Baba:

You can wear your best, my dear son, that's true,  
But the Prophet ﷺ showed us what to pursue.  
It's not the garments that make our prayer complete,  
But sincerity and devotion, and bowing in defeat.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's the heart that we should tend,  
And pray with focus, not just to impress a friend?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you've learned the lesson so right,  
Our prayer is for Allah, to guide us to light.  
So, when you pray, think of Him above,  
With sincerity, humility, and love.

## The Story of a Special Marriage

Baba:

Mansoor, come sit with me today,  
I'll tell you a tale from far away.  
A moment of love, of wisdom, and grace,  
When the Prophet ﷺ found a special place.

Mansoor:

Baba, a story? I'm ready to hear!

Please tell it slow so I feel it clear.

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ rode at break of light,  
Into Khaibar in the morning's night.  
With Abu Talha, and young Anas too,  
They entered the town as the cold winds blew.

Mansoor:

Did the people know he was near?  
Was there a battle, Baba, or fear?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, they were taken aback,  
As he ﷺ cried "Allahu Akbar!" back.  
"Khaibar is ruined," three times he said,  
And the enemy trembled, filled with dread.

Mansoor:

Did they win, Baba? What happened then?  
Tell me more of the Prophet's men!

Baba:

They won, my son, by Allah's might,  
And captives came into their sight.  
A man named Dihya asked, sincere,  
For a slave girl to serve him near.

Mansoor:

Was the Prophet ﷺ kind to them too?  
Even to those who once were untrue?

Baba:

Indeed, Mansoor, his heart was wide.  
He gave Dihya a girl with pride.  
But when he saw her—noble and fair—  
He knew for her, a higher care.

Mansoor:

Who was she, Baba, so special and bright?  
Why did the Prophet ﷺ feel she was right?

Baba:

She was Safiya, a noble name,  
From a tribe of honor and family fame.  
The Prophet ﷺ freed her with gentle voice,  
And asked her if she'd accept his choice.

Mansoor:

He married her, Baba? That's so sweet!  
Did they have a feast with things to eat?

Baba:

Yes, my child, they made a meal,

Dates and butter, a simple deal.  
That was their walima—full of light,  
A gathering humble, pure and right.

Mansoor:

Baba, what does this teach me today?  
What lesson should I take away?

Baba:

That kindness wins, and hearts can heal,  
That love is honest, strong, and real.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught with every deed—  
To free, to honor, and not to greed.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, now I see,  
Marriage is love, respect, and mercy.  
And even when others may be unkind,  
We follow the Prophet's ﷺ heart and mind.

Baba:

That's right, my son, you've learned it well—  
A story of peace we'll always tell.

The Fajr Walk of the Believing Women

Mansoor:

Baba, I woke up before the sun,  
The stars were shining—day hadn't begun.  
I peeked outside and saw no light,  
Is that the time for Fajr—before it's bright?

Baba:  
Yes, my dear, that's when we pray,  
At the break of the very first light of day.  
Even the Prophet ﷺ rose so early,  
To lead the Fajr prayer sincerely and surely.

Mansoor:  
Did people come even though it was dark?  
Was the Masjid full, or just a small part?

Baba:  
A beautiful sight, my little one,  
Women came too—before the sun.  
Covered in cloaks, in modesty dressed,  
Seeking Allah's love, feeling blessed.

Mansoor:  
But Baba, wasn't it cold and dim?  
Weren't they scared to follow him?

Baba:  
They weren't afraid—they were full of grace,

Their hearts lit up that sacred place.  
They'd leave unseen, their veils on tight,  
Walking back home before full light.

Mansoor:

They must've loved Allah a lot,  
To walk like that without a spot!

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, their hearts were strong,  
They chose what's right, even if the walk was long.  
This Hadith teaches us something clear—  
That women in Islam are honored and dear.

Mansoor:

So they were brave and full of care,  
And found peace in Fajr's silent air.

Baba:

Exactly, son. Their steps were wise,  
Rewarded by Allah, the Most High and Wise.  
It shows us modesty, love, and prayer,  
Make hearts shine bright everywhere.

Mansoor:

Baba, one day, when I grow tall,  
Can I help others come when the Prophet ﷺ would call?



Baba:

Yes, my child, let's start today,  
Wake for Fajr, and never delay.  
Let your heart be strong, like theirs before—  
Loving your prayer, and Allah even more.

### The Prayer Robe with Too Many Dots

Mansoor:

Baba, today in prayer time,  
I saw a boy lose track of rhyme.  
He looked around, then scratched his head—  
He forgot the surah the imam had said!

Baba:

Ah, my son, distractions can creep,  
Even in prayer when hearts should keep  
Their focus pure, their minds aligned,  
To worship Allah with heart and mind.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how do we stay so still,  
With sounds and colors and thoughts that spill?

Baba:

Let me share a story of our beloved Prophet ﷺ,

A lesson so sweet, you'll never forget.  
He once wore a robe with beautiful lines,  
Patterns and shapes in fancy designs.

Mansoor:

Was it soft? Was it grand? Did people stare?  
Did he wear it proudly with so much care?

Baba:

He wore it to pray—but something went wrong,  
The patterns pulled his gaze all along.  
He finished his prayer, then gave it away,  
He didn't let it distract him one more day.

Mansoor:

He gave it away? But why so fast?  
Couldn't he keep it for some other task?

Baba:

He said, "This robe has taken my mind,  
From prayer to patterns it made me blind."  
He asked for a simple robe instead—  
One with no colors, just plain thread.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba! That shows me why  
We should not let our focus fly.

Even small things like a mark or spot  
Can make us forget what we should not.

Baba:

Yes, my child. When we stand in prayer,  
Let hearts be calm and thoughts be bare.  
The world can wait—this time is gold,  
A gift from Allah, more precious than gold.

Mansoor:

Next time I pray, I'll close my eyes tight,  
And think of Jannah and Allah's light.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my dearest one,  
Let your prayer shine like the morning sun.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, choose what's best—  
Simple, focused, with a peaceful chest.

The Curtain with the Dancing Lines

Mansoor:

Baba, today I made a room,  
With stars and swirls and flowers in bloom.  
I drew them all upon the wall,  
It looks like magic down the hall!

Baba:

That sounds lovely, little star,  
But tell me—did you take it far?  
Did you think of prayer when you made your art,  
Or was it just from your busy heart?

Mansoor:

I made it for fun, to cheer up my day,  
But... I forgot to clean up where I pray.  
During Salah, I peeked at the swirls—  
I saw the stars... and dancing curls!

Baba:

Ah, my son, you're not alone,  
Even the Prophet ﷺ, in his home,  
Faced something just like that, you see—  
From a curtain hanging by a tree.

Mansoor:

A curtain? Like mine with art so bright?  
Did it shine with color and catch the light?

Baba:

It was called a Qiram, soft and fine,  
With pictures that would twist and twine.  
But during prayer, his eyes would stray—  
So he asked Aisha (RA) to take it away.

Mansoor:

He asked to remove it? Even though  
It made the room so nice to show?

Baba:

Yes, my love, because in prayer,  
Nothing should steal your heart from there.  
He wanted focus, pure and deep—  
A place where thoughts and soul could keep.

Mansoor:

So should I clean my prayer wall too?  
And put away all that's bright and new?

Baba:

That would be wise, my thoughtful boy,  
A calm, clear space brings greater joy.  
Prayer is where we meet our Lord,  
So keep that space in sweet accord.

Mansoor:

Then I'll clean it now, and next I'll try  
To focus my heart, not just my eye.

Baba:

Well said, my son—may your prayers be light,

With a heart that's strong and vision bright.

## The Shiny Robe

Mansoor:

Baba, look! My Eid clothes came,  
They shine so bright—they're not the same!  
Silk and sparkles, gold and blue,  
I feel like royalty—don't you?

Baba:

They look quite fine, my little one,  
A gift of joy, beneath the sun.  
But tell me, son, if you wear that bright,  
Can you focus on prayer just right?

Mansoor:

Hmm... it's shiny, yes—it catches my eye,  
I looked at it more than the sky.  
In Salah today, I peeked below...  
And forgot the verse I used to know.

Baba:

That reminds me of a story, dear,  
Of the Prophet ﷺ, so strong and clear.  
He once received a silken cloak,  
It shimmered softly when he spoke.

Mansoor:

Did he wear it, Baba, just like me?

Did he enjoy its luxury?

Baba:

He wore it once for prayer, it's true,

But something troubled his heart right through.

When he had finished, he took it off—

Not with joy—but with a scoff.

Mansoor:

Why, Baba? It was just a dress!

Wasn't it made to impress?

Baba:

He said, "This is not the dress of the kind,

Who fear Allah with heart and mind."

Too fine, too grand—it steals your soul,

And pulls you from the prayer's goal.

Mansoor:

So even nice clothes can be a test?

If they distract us from doing our best?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you've understood,

Simple clothes are often good.  
They help the heart stay calm and still—  
Focused on Allah, with love and will.

Mansoor:  
Then I'll save this robe for later days,  
And wear plain clothes for Salah and praise.

Baba:  
That's wisdom, Mansoor, from one so small—  
A heart that listens will grow tall.

### The Stick in the Sand

Mansoor:  
Baba, today at school we prayed,  
But kids kept walking where we stayed.  
I tried to focus, I really did—  
But my thoughts flew off and hid.

Baba:  
That's okay, my sweet, it happens sometimes,  
Even with rhymes and prayer lines.  
But there's something our Prophet ﷺ used to do,  
That might help kids like me and you.

Mansoor:



Really? Tell me! What was it, Baba?  
Did he teach it in Makkah or Madinah?

Baba:

Once he prayed inside a tent so red,  
Where Bilal (RA) helped, like he always did.  
He brought water from wudhu with care,  
And people came from everywhere.

Mansoor:

To drink the water? Or just to see?  
Was the Prophet ﷺ inside, busy?

Baba:

They touched the drops upon their skin,  
With hearts full of love from deep within.  
But when the Prophet ﷺ came out to pray,  
He placed a spear to block the way.

Mansoor:

A spear, Baba? Was he afraid?  
Did he think someone would invade?

Baba:

No, my son, it was not for war,  
It marked a line—nothing more.  
It's called a Sutra, simple and neat,

So none would pass before his feet.

Mansoor:

That's so smart! Like drawing a line,  
To say: "Please wait, this space is mine."

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you learn so fast—  
It helps keep focus till the last.  
If someone walks where you can see,  
It might distract from prayer's deep sea.

Mansoor:

Next time, Baba, I'll place my bag,  
To make a Sutra—not to brag.  
Just a gentle way to say,  
"I'm praying now—please don't stray."

Baba:

MashaAllah, what a wise young man—  
Learning Sunnah in every plan.

## The Wooden Steps

Mansoor:

Baba, today in the masjid I saw,  
A big wooden step that gave me awe.

The Imam stood high when he gave the talk,  
But came down when we began to walk.

Baba:

That's called a mimbar, my curious son,  
It helps the Imam when prayers are begun.  
Would you like to hear how it first began,  
With the Prophet ﷺ, our beloved man?

Mansoor:

Oh yes, Baba! Was it always there?  
Did someone build it with love and care?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, from the forest it came,  
Tamarisk wood, strong and plain.  
A kind servant built it by hand,  
And placed it firm where it would stand.

Mansoor:

Did the Prophet ﷺ use it to teach?  
Or did he stand there just to preach?

Baba:

He stood upon it to lead the prayer,  
So all could see him standing there.  
He faced the Qibla, said "Allahu Akbar!"

And every follower stood not far.

Mansoor:

So he prayed up high? Not on the floor?  
Was that allowed in prayer's decor?

Baba:

Yes, because his voice would reach,  
And his actions too were clear to teach.  
He bowed from the step, then came down low,  
To place his forehead where we go.

Mansoor:

That's so thoughtful, Baba, so kind!  
To make sure no one stayed behind.  
The steps weren't for pride or for show—  
They helped the people learn and grow.

Baba:

MashaAllah, my son, you see so well,  
The stories our Hadiths gently tell.  
Even a pulpit made of wood,  
Taught us how to lead with good.

Mansoor:

Next time I climb stairs to speak or pray,  
I'll remember the Prophet ﷺ and his way.

## The Lesson from the Attic

Mansoor:

Baba, today in salah at school,  
Our teacher sat—it felt like a rule.  
We followed along, though he didn't stand,  
Is that allowed in our deen so grand?

Baba:

Ah, my son, what a beautiful thought,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
One time he fell from a noble steed,  
And was hurt on his leg—he was in need.

Mansoor:

Oh no, Baba! Did he stop the prayer?  
Did the pain make him miss it there?

Baba:

No, dear Mansoor, he prayed with grace,  
From an attic room—a peaceful place.  
Though seated in pain, he still led the way,  
And his Companions followed, day after day.

Mansoor:

He sat while they all stood behind?

That's such respect—so pure, so kind.

Baba:

Yes, and when the prayer was done,  
He said, "Follow the Imam, everyone.  
When I bow, you bow with care,  
And when I prostrate, meet me there."

Mansoor:

So even if the leader sits,  
We follow with love, no doubts or fits?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's what's best,  
To follow the Imam and pass the test.  
It shows our unity, love, and trust,  
In Salah, being one is always a must.

Mansoor:

And what about the month he swore,  
To stay away from his wives—was it more?

Baba:

He stayed for twenty-nine days, not quite a moon,  
And said, "A month can end that soon."  
Sometimes, a month is not always thirty—  
It can be short, though still full and worthy.

Mansoor:

Baba, I've learned so much today,  
To follow, to trust, to never stray.  
Even in pain, the Prophet ﷺ showed,  
How prayer and patience beautifully flowed.

Baba:

My dear Mansoor, may Allah make you wise,  
With a heart that worships, loves, and tries.  
Let's always remember what our Prophet ﷺ did,  
And walk in his path since we were kids.

The Khumra Beside Him

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw Mama pray,  
And I sat close, but I stayed out the way.  
I didn't want to disturb her grace,  
So I watched quietly from my place.

Baba:

That's thoughtful, Mansoor, you did well,  
Let me share a story the Hadiths tell.  
Our beloved Prophet ﷺ once did the same,  
Praying while Maimuna (RA) quietly came.

Mansoor:

Was she praying too, beside him there?

Baba:

No, she was sitting, in a state of care.

She wasn't praying, she had her menses,  
But she stayed nearby, with no pretenses.

Mansoor:

And did he move or go away?

Baba:

Not at all, he continued to pray.

Sometimes his clothes would touch her side,  
But she stayed seated and did not hide.

Mansoor:

So it's okay if someone's near,  
Even if they can't join in prayer, Baba dear?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the way—

The Prophet ﷺ showed us every day.

He prayed on a mat so small and neat,  
Just enough for hands and head and feet.

Mansoor:



A little mat? Not like the big ones we use?

Baba:

Yes, a Khumra—simple, with no excuse.  
It's not the size or space that makes it right,  
It's the heart that turns to Allah in light.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, prayer is gentle and kind,  
Even when others sit close behind?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've learned so true,  
Respect, love, and prayer—all in view.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us how to live,  
With mercy, ease, and hearts that give.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for the tale so bright,  
I'll remember to pray with calm and light.  
And I'll be kind to those nearby,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, who taught us why.

## The Prayer After Grandma's Meal

Mansoor:

Baba, today Grandma made biryani so fine,

She served it hot—it smelled divine!  
After we ate, she said with a smile,  
“Let’s pray together—it’s been a while!”

Baba:

That’s beautiful, Mansoor, and brings to mind,  
A story of love and faith combined.  
Once, the Prophet ﷺ visited a home so sweet,  
Where Mulaika, an old lady, prepared him a treat.

Mansoor:

She cooked for the Prophet ﷺ herself, Baba?

Baba:

Yes, with love and joy, not for fame or drama.  
After eating, he said, “Come, let’s pray,”  
And they all stood in a humble way.

Mansoor:

Who prayed with him in that small room?

Baba:

Anas and an orphan stood in the groom.  
Behind them stood Mulaika with care,  
All three prayed in that little prayer square.

Mansoor:

Did they have a soft prayer rug there?

Baba:

Not really, my son, just a Hasir—

A worn-out mat that had grown unclear.

Anas washed it with water that day,

And the Prophet ﷺ stood on it to pray.

Mansoor:

So you don't need something grand or wide?

Baba:

No, my son, just your heart open wide.

Prayer can happen anywhere,

In the mosque, at home, or even a chair.

Mansoor:

And everyone joined, young and old?

Baba:

Yes! That's what this story told.

It teaches us love, sharing, and grace—

And how prayer can light up any place.

Mansoor:

Then next time we eat as a family team,

We'll pray together—it feels like a dream.

I'll help Grandma clean the mat too—  
Just like Anas, I'll know what to do!

Baba:

That's my boy—gentle and wise,  
With Sunnah in heart and sparkle in eyes.  
Remember, prayer is a gift so dear,  
Wherever you are, Allah is near.

### The Special Prayer Mat

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray at home or at the mosque,  
What do we need—what's the key to the task?  
Do we need fancy rugs or special things?  
To pray to Allah, do we need certain rings?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, my wise little son,  
Prayer is about love, it's where it's begun.  
It's not about what you sit on or wear,  
It's the heart and the intention you share.

Mansoor:

So, no special rugs, Baba? But then what?  
How did the Prophet ﷺ pray—what did he spot?

Baba:

Ah, the Prophet ﷺ had a mat, you see,  
A special one, made with love and simplicity.  
It's called a "Khumra," a mat so small,  
Just big enough for the forehead and hands in a call.

Mansoor:

What was so special about that mat, Baba?  
Why did the Prophet ﷺ choose it, ah?

Baba:

The Khumra was simple, humble, and neat,  
A mat of palm leaves, soft and sweet.  
It was used for prostration, to bow and to pray,  
As the Prophet ﷺ led in a most graceful way.

Mansoor:

So, even though it was small, it was fine?  
That mat, it showed faith, devotion, divine?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it's not size or flair,  
It's the way you stand and the way you care.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us the beauty of prayer,  
It's the love you give, and the kindness you share.

Mansoor:

Then we don't need fancy mats for us to pray?  
We just need our hearts to show the way?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood it right,  
It's the intention that makes your prayer bright.  
Whether big or small, simple or grand,  
Allah looks at the heart, not at what's at hand.

Mansoor:

So, next time we pray, I'll remember this truth—  
It's my heart, my love, and my care in the booth.  
Thank you, Baba, for this lesson today,  
I'll always pray with love, every single day.

### A Sacred Space for Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray, where do we stand?  
Do we have to be careful with where we land?  
Do we need to face the right way, I wonder,  
To please Allah, our Creator, the One full of wonder?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you ask the most thoughtful things,  
Yes, we must face the Qibla when we pray and bring  
Our hearts in line, with love and care,

That's the direction of the sacred prayer.

Mansoor:

What if we're at home, where things are tight?  
How do we manage when it's dark at night?

Baba:

A good question, my son. Let me tell you this,  
In the old days, even at home, there was bliss.  
There was no light, no fancy lamps to guide,  
But the Prophet ﷺ, in darkness, would reside.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how could he pray with no light at all?  
How did he find his space to stand tall?

Baba:

Well, in those days, they relied on their heart,  
And their closeness to Allah, right from the start.  
The Prophet ﷺ would pray in the dark,  
But he still led his prayer with a glowing spark.

Mansoor:

And Aisha (RA), did she pray near him too?  
Was there space, Baba, for her to move through?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Aisha (RA) would lie in front,  
Her legs were near, but when he prayed, she would  
confront  
The space with care, adjusting in time,  
So the Prophet ﷺ could pray without any crime.

Mansoor:

So, even in the dark, they prayed with respect,  
Making room for each other, no need to neglect?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's how it was done,  
A beautiful example for everyone.  
It's not just about the place where we stand,  
It's how we show love to Allah, with our heart in hand.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, and I will remember,  
To make space for Allah in my heart, forever.  
Even when it's dark, I'll know what to do,  
Make room for prayer, and make it true.

A Sacred Space Between Us

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray, is it okay to lie near you?  
What if I'm in the way, what should I do?



Can I be close but not disturb your prayer,  
Or do I need to leave and find somewhere?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, that's a thoughtful concern,  
Let me tell you a story for you to learn.  
In the Prophet's ﷺ time, Aisha (RA) was near,  
She lay in front, and the Prophet ﷺ prayed without fear.

Mansoor:

Did Aisha (RA) lie in the way, Baba, dear?  
Was it hard for the Prophet ﷺ to pray, clear?

Baba:

No, my son, it wasn't like that at all,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with grace, standing tall.  
Aisha (RA) lay in front, between him and the Qibla,  
She was close, but he prayed, no matter what, with love to Allah.

Mansoor:

So, even when someone is near, we can still pray?  
We don't need to leave, we can stay?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, we can be close, it's true,  
As long as we respect the prayer, me and you.

The key is respect, and to give space,  
To be considerate and not interrupt the sacred place.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba. So, even close, we should be still,  
Not move or talk, but wait for Allah's will?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you've understood it well,  
Prayer is a time where our hearts swell.  
When we pray, it's a connection so deep,  
To Allah, the One who watches, as we weep.

Mansoor:

I'll remember that, Baba, and be quiet and still,  
When you pray, I'll let you focus, I will.

Baba:

That's my boy, always thoughtful and kind,  
May Allah bless your heart and mind.  
Remember, it's about love and care,  
In everything we do, Allah is always there.

Prayer with Respect and Care

Mansoor:

Baba, when you pray, can I be near?

What if I lie too close, should I fear?  
I don't want to disturb your prayer,  
But I love being near you, you're always so fair.

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, your heart is so kind,  
And your concern shows a thoughtful mind.  
Let me tell you about the Prophet's ﷺ prayer,  
With Aisha (RA) close, but he was aware.

Mansoor:

Was Aisha (RA) too close, Baba, to the Qibla?  
Did the Prophet ﷺ feel distracted, like I might?

Baba:

No, my son, the Prophet ﷺ prayed with grace,  
Even with Aisha (RA) lying in place.  
She was between him and the Qibla, you see,  
Yet he prayed calmly, with tranquility.

Mansoor:

So, it's okay if someone is near during prayer?  
As long as they're still, and give space to share?

Baba:

Yes, exactly, Mansoor, you've got it right,  
Respect is key, and being polite.

Aisha (RA) was there, yet the prayer was pure,  
It shows that love and respect can endure.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's all about care,  
To let the prayer flow, and not interrupt the air.

Baba:

That's my boy, understanding so well,  
When we pray, we focus, and let our hearts swell.  
Allah is near, always close to us,  
So let's remember, prayer is a sacred trust.

Mansoor:

I'll be mindful, Baba, when you pray,  
And give you space, every single day.

Baba:

May Allah bless you, my son so dear,  
And guide your heart, always near.  
Let's pray with love, and respect, and peace,  
May our prayers bring us joy and release.

Praying with Patience

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard of a story so bright,

Of how the Prophet ﷺ prayed in the heat's blinding light.

Was it so hot that it hurt their knees?

How did they pray with such calm and ease?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, you ask with care,

The Prophet ﷺ and his companions were aware.

It was scorching, the ground felt like fire,

But they prayed, with patience, never to tire.

Mansoor:

So, they prayed on the burning ground,

How did they stay calm and not make a sound?

Baba:

Some placed their clothes to protect their skin,

They didn't complain, but stood firm within.

They knew that prayer was worth the pain,

Their hearts focused on Allah, again and again.

Mansoor:

But Baba, wouldn't it hurt so much,

To pray with the ground so hot to touch?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it was a test of strength,

But they showed perseverance at great length.  
Their love for Allah was pure and true,  
So they prayed with devotion, in every dew.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, they didn't give up,  
Even when the heat was tough to sup.

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, they persevered,  
And their reward from Allah was dearly revered.  
Prayer is a treasure, a time so blessed,  
Even in hardship, we do our best.

Mansoor:

I will try, Baba, to be strong like them,  
To pray with patience, again and again.

Baba:

May Allah grant you strength, my dear son,  
To pray with love, until the day is done.  
Remember, no matter what comes your way,  
Patience in prayer will brighten your day.

The Prophet's Shoes

Mansoor:

Baba, I've got a question, it's been on my mind,  
Did the Prophet ﷺ wear shoes when he prayed, in times  
so kind?

I've heard many things, but I want to know,  
If he prayed in his shoes, was that how it would go?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question to ask,  
The answer is simple, but let me tell you the task.  
The Prophet ﷺ, in his way so pure,  
Did indeed pray with shoes, of that we're sure.

Mansoor:

He prayed with shoes? That sounds so strange,  
Why would he do that, wasn't it out of range?

Baba:

It might seem odd, but let me explain,  
The Prophet ﷺ's actions were a guide to maintain.  
Sometimes the ground was dirty, or dust was around,  
So the shoes helped protect when they prayed on the  
ground.

Mansoor:

But Baba, if we wear shoes, do we pray the same way?  
Or should we take them off to keep the prayer pure every  
day?

Baba:

A wise question, my son, you are learning so well,  
In most cases, we take our shoes off, as I'll tell.  
But the Prophet ﷺ showed us what to do,  
If the ground was clean, the shoes could stay too.

Mansoor:

So it's not always about the shoes or no shoes,  
It's about the place we pray and the way we choose?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood it right,  
It's about the purity, and praying with light.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us many ways,  
To worship Allah in all our days.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for clearing it all,  
Now I understand the wisdom behind it all.

Baba:

May Allah guide you, Mansoor, my dear,  
To always seek knowledge and hold it near.  
Remember, it's the heart that must remain clean,  
In every prayer, let your faith be seen.



## The Prophet's Way of Ablution

Mansoor:

Baba, I was thinking about ablution today,  
When we wash before prayer, it's the Prophet's way.  
But I've heard something that made me pause,  
That the Prophet ﷺ did something, with a special cause.

Baba:

What's troubling you, my son, what did you hear?  
Let's talk about it, and make it all clear.

Mansoor:

I heard that when Jarir prayed, one day,  
He didn't wash his feet, in the usual way.  
He wore his Khuffs, did ablution with care,  
And then he prayed, without any despair.

Baba:

Ah, I see, my dear, you've heard this story right,  
Let me explain it, so you can see the light.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us a special way,  
To make ablution even when on a busy day.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what's the reason behind this act?  
Why would he do that, what's the simple fact?

Baba:

It's about the Khuffs, the shoes we wear,  
To protect our feet, from dust in the air.  
When you wear them, you can still wash your hands,  
Then pass your wet hands over the Khuffs, as the Prophet  
commands.

Mansoor:

But Baba, isn't that strange, don't we need to wash our  
feet?  
How can it be okay, to skip that complete?

Baba:

It's not skipping, my son, it's a special grace,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us a way, in this place.  
If you wear your Khuffs, and they're clean and right,  
You can pass your hands over them, and still pray with  
light.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's all clear,  
The Prophet's way, we should hold dear.  
Even in tough times, like on a hot day,  
We can follow his example and pray our way.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've learned it so well,  
The Prophet ﷺ's guidance, we must always tell.  
In every small thing, from ablution to prayer,  
We follow his example, with love and care.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for guiding me so true,  
Now I'll follow the Prophet's ﷺ way, in all I do.

### The Prophet's Example of Ablution

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story that caught my ear,  
It's about ablution, and I need it clear.  
The Prophet ﷺ, did something unique,  
He prayed with his Khuffs, I heard you speak.

Baba:

Ah, yes, my son, you've learned something right,  
Let me share the story, and make it bright.  
Al-Mughira bin Shuba helped the Prophet ﷺ,  
With ablution, as his hands were wet like a gem.

Mansoor:

He helped him, Baba, what did he do?  
Did the Prophet ﷺ show him something new?

Baba:

Yes, indeed, Mansoor, a lesson he gave,  
A simple way to make our ablution brave.  
He passed his hands, over his Khuffs so neat,  
And prayed with them on, his feet stayed complete.

Mansoor:

But Baba, that's strange, how could it be?  
Can we really skip washing our feet, you see?

Baba:

It's not skipping, my son, it's the Prophet's way,  
When wearing Khuffs, he showed us to pray.  
If they're clean and intact, and our feet are pure,  
We can pass wet hands over them, that's for sure.

Mansoor:

So Baba, we don't need to wash our feet,  
If we have Khuffs, and they're clean and neat?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's exactly what's true,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us, through and through.  
If you're wearing Khuffs, and they're properly fit,  
Pass your hands over them, and pray with it.

Mansoor:

Now I understand, Baba, it's clear as day,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us a beautiful way.  
To pray with ease, even when in need,  
We follow his example, and do the good deed.

Baba:

You've understood well, my dear son so bright,  
The Prophet's ﷺ guidance is always right.  
Through every step, in our daily life,  
We follow his example, away from strife.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for teaching me this,  
Now I'll remember the Prophet's ﷺ bliss.  
In everything I do, I'll follow his lead,  
And always do what's right, in word and deed.

## The Importance of Proper Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story, and I'm feeling concerned,  
About how one prays, and the lesson I learned.  
It was about a person who prayed, but oh dear,  
His bowing and prostration weren't done with care.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, I know the story you mean,

It's about Hudhaifa, and what he had seen.  
He watched a man praying, but not in the right way,  
His Salat wasn't perfect, not as it should stay.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what happened? Did Hudhaifa get mad?  
Did he speak to the man, and make him feel bad?

Baba:

No, my son, Hudhaifa was wise and kind,  
He didn't get angry, but he did not mind.  
He said to the man, "Your Salat isn't right,  
If you were to die, you'd die in the wrong sight."

Mansoor:

But Baba, what did that mean, I don't understand,  
How could his prayer be wrong, if he used his hands?

Baba:

It means, Mansoor, that Salat must be done,  
In the perfect way, just like the Prophet ﷺ had begun.  
If you bow, you bow deep, and when you prostrate low,  
Every action, every word, we must always follow.

Mansoor:

So Baba, we must be careful in how we pray,  
To make sure our Salat is right every day?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, we must pray with care,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ did, with sincerity so fair.  
Every movement matters, from the bow to the fall,  
We follow his example, and heed the call.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how important it is,  
To pray as the Prophet ﷺ did, with no miss.  
I'll make sure to bow and prostrate the right way,  
And perfect my Salat, every single day.

Baba:

You've learned the lesson, my dear son so bright,  
Prayer is a treasure, and must be done right.  
When we follow the Sunnah, in all that we do,  
Our prayers will be accepted, pure and true.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for teaching me this,  
Now I will pray with love, and never miss.  
I'll make sure my Salat is done just right,  
Following the Prophet ﷺ, with all my might.

The Perfect Posture in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I was thinking, as I prayed today,  
About how the Prophet ﷺ would always display.  
I heard that when he prayed, his arms were so wide,  
That his armpits' whiteness could be seen far and wide.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's right, you're thinking so clear,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with such care and sincere.  
His arms were spread out, not close by his side,  
To show humility and strength in his stride.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did he spread his arms that way?  
Was it just to look different, or something to say?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, let me help you to see,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us in every decree.  
When he prayed, he showed us respect for the act,  
By praying with focus, with each movement intact.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, his posture showed respect to the prayer,  
That his heart was sincere, and his soul was laid bare?

Baba:



Exactly, my son, you've grasped it so well,  
It's not just the words, but the actions that tell.  
By spreading his arms, the Prophet ﷺ showed,  
That every part of him, to Allah, he'd bow.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, it's about being sincere,  
And showing our best when we pray, so clear.  
I will remember to pray as the Prophet did so,  
With my arms spread wide, and my heart all aglow.

Baba:

That's the spirit, Mansoor, I'm proud of you, my dear,  
Your prayer will be perfect, with sincerity clear.  
When we follow the Sunnah, in all that we do,  
Our connection with Allah grows stronger, it's true.

Mansoor:

I'll spread my arms wide and bow low with care,  
To pray like the Prophet ﷺ, with devotion and prayer.  
Thank you, Baba, for showing me the way,  
I'll pray with perfection, every single day.

Under Allah's Protection

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard something about being a Muslim,

That if we pray like the Prophet ﷺ, it's not just a whim.  
We face the Quibla, eat what's halal,  
And then we're protected by Allah, that's the call!

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's right, you're learning with care,  
When we follow the way of Islam, we're safe in Allah's  
care.

The Prophet ﷺ said, if we follow his way,  
We're under protection, every night and day.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if we pray and eat the right food,  
We're safe from harm, and we're in a good mood?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, the Prophet ﷺ was clear,  
We must never betray those who are dear.  
When someone prays as we do, with love and respect,  
They are under Allah's protection, that's the perfect effect.

Mansoor:

And what does it mean to betray, Baba, dear?  
How can we betray those we hold so near?

Baba:

It means not honoring those who trust in us,

Who follow the path of Islam, as we must.  
We're part of a community, strong and true,  
And we must protect each other in all we do.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if I pray as the Prophet ﷺ did,  
And eat what's halal, then I'm safe from the lid  
Of harm or betrayal, with Allah's protection around,  
And my heart will be peaceful, no trouble will be found!

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, you've understood it so well,  
To pray like the Prophet ﷺ is to ring a good bell.  
We honor Allah, we honor our kin,  
And we're protected by Allah, from within.

Mansoor:

I'll pray with sincerity, and always obey,  
Following the Sunnah, each and every day.  
Thank you, Baba, for teaching me right,  
To pray with love, and walk in the light.

The Sacred Bond of Islam

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story that made me think,  
About the bond between Muslims, so strong and distinct.

The Prophet ﷺ said, “Fight till they say,  
‘None has the right to worship, except Allah,’ every day.”

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ was clear,  
He taught us that faith is something we hold dear.  
When someone says, "None but Allah," they declare,  
Their life and property become sacred, beyond compare.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, does this mean they're part of our fold,  
And their rights and duties are just as we're told?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, if they follow the way,  
Of prayer and sacrifice, as we do each day.  
They face the same Qibla, they eat halal too,  
Then their blood and property are sacred, like me and you.

Mansoor:

That's amazing, Baba, it feels so right,  
To see how our faith connects, so pure and tight.  
But how does the Prophet ﷺ explain this bond?  
What does it mean to respond?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said, in simple words,

That those who follow the way of Allah's birds—  
They pray like us, and eat what's right,  
Then their life and property are safe from any fight.

Mansoor:

So, if someone prays as we do, faces the Qibla true,  
And eats what's lawful, their rights are too?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's the way it stands,  
We're all equal in Allah's loving hands.  
We must respect them, just as we should,  
For they are Muslims, just like us, and they've understood.

Mansoor:

I'll remember this, Baba, with heart and mind,  
To treat every Muslim with respect, and be kind.  
Their life and property, as sacred as mine,  
In Allah's protection, we all shine.

Baba:

Well said, Mansoor, I'm proud of you today,  
To learn these values, and follow the way.  
May your heart always guide you to be fair,  
And treat every Muslim with love and care.

The Sacred Bonds of Islam

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question that's been on my mind,  
About the sacred bond of Muslims, the ties that bind.  
I heard that if someone says, "None but Allah,"  
Their life and property are safe, without a flaw.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a very good thought,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
Whoever says, "None has the right but Allah,"  
And prays as we do, facing the Qibla's law,

Mansoor:

So if they face the Qibla and pray as we pray,  
Then they are Muslims, with rights, just like us, every day?

Baba:

Yes, my dear son, that's what it means,  
To follow the path of our Prophet's dreams.  
Whoever prays like us and eats as we do,  
Their blood and property are sacred too.

Mansoor:

That's so beautiful, Baba, it makes me smile,  
We all have rights, no matter our style.  
So, if they follow Allah's guidance true,

They're just like us, with rights to pursue?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood it well,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us all to tell,  
That anyone who says "None but Allah,"  
And prays like us, faces the Qibla in awe,

Mansoor:

Then they are part of the Ummah, just like me,  
With rights and duties, as far as the eye can see.  
We must respect them, as they are the same,  
Part of our family in Allah's name.

Baba:

Well said, my son, I'm proud of you today,  
For understanding Islam in such a pure way.  
Remember, every Muslim is sacred and dear,  
So treat them with kindness, love, and cheer.

Mansoor:

I'll always remember, Baba, this lesson you've shared,  
To love and protect every Muslim, as we've been prepared.  
We are one Ummah, united by faith,  
In Allah's mercy, we find our safe place.

Facing the Right Way

Mansoor:

Baba, I've learned something new today,  
But I don't quite understand what it means, I must say.  
When using the restroom, where should we turn?  
Should we face the Qibla, or the other way, in return?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a very good question indeed,  
Islam has taught us to follow what we need.  
The Prophet ﷺ said, when nature calls,  
Do not face the Qibla, no matter how small.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we shouldn't face the Qibla, right?  
Not when we're praying or in a moment like this night?

Baba:

That's right, my son, we turn to the east or west,  
For when we are in the bathroom, this is what's best.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the right way,  
To keep the respect for the Qibla every day.

Mansoor:

But Baba, when we traveled to Sham, I've heard,  
Some people didn't follow this teaching, I'm disturbed.  
They faced the Qibla while they were using the place,



And we asked Allah for forgiveness, in grace.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you're right to notice this fact,  
But we learn from our mistakes and keep our pact.  
Even when others do things the wrong way,  
We ask for forgiveness and continue to pray.

Mansoor:

So we always try to follow the right path,  
Facing the Qibla with respect, feeling Allah's wrath?  
When we don't, we ask for forgiveness so dear,  
And Allah, the Merciful, will always hear.

Baba:

Well said, my son, you've understood it well,  
The Prophet ﷺ's teachings are there to tell,  
To show us the way, to guide our hearts,  
And to always keep Allah close from the start.

Mansoor:

I'll always remember, Baba, what you've said,  
To turn east or west, as the Prophet ﷺ led.  
We ask for forgiveness, and move on in peace,  
And Allah's mercy will never cease.

The Right Way to Complete Umrah

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question, please do tell,  
When we go for Umrah, what's the rule so well?  
If we walk around the Ka'bah, seven times around,  
Can we return home, or must something else be found?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a very good thought,  
Let me share with you what I've been taught.  
When we perform Umrah, the Tawaf is just one part,  
But the Tawaf of Safa and Marwa must also start.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why do we need to do this part,  
After the Tawaf, what's the reason in our heart?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
He circled the Ka'bah and then did not delay.  
He prayed two Rakat and then, with grace,  
He did the Tawaf of Safa and Marwa in the sacred place.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if we don't complete that part,  
We can't go home or finish our heart?

Baba:

That's right, my son, there's more to do,  
Before you go home, this step is true.  
The Prophet ﷺ gave us this command,  
And in following his way, we make a stand.

Mansoor:

But Baba, if someone forgets this step,  
Can they return to their life without regret?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, it's part of the full rite,  
And until it's done, the journey's not right.  
So, after Tawaf, make sure to complete,  
Safa and Marwa, and make your journey neat.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, now it's clear in my heart,  
The right way to finish Umrah from the start.  
We follow the Sunnah, and do what's best,  
And in Allah's eyes, we pass the test.

Baba:

Well said, my son, you've learned it well,  
In following the Prophet ﷺ, there's much to tell.  
We do what's right, and follow the way,  
And Allah rewards us every day.

## The Full Circle of Umrah

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question, it's been on my mind,  
When we complete Umrah, what's the next step to find?  
We circle the Ka'bah, and then we pray,  
But should we do something else, before we go on our way?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, I see you've been thinking right,  
After Tawaf, there's another step we must complete with might.

The Prophet ﷺ showed us, and his example is clear,  
The Tawaf of Safa and Marwa must also be near.

Mansoor:

But Baba, I thought the Tawaf was done,  
Why must we do more after that one?

Baba:

The Tawaf is just part of the journey we take,  
But there's more to the ritual, for completeness' sake.  
The Tawaf of Safa and Marwa must be done,  
It's part of Umrah, and must be complete before we're done.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if we forget that part,  
Is it okay to go home with just a start?

Baba:

No, my son, it's not the way,  
You must complete the steps as the Prophet ﷺ did say.  
Jabir bin Abdullah explained it too,  
You cannot return until the Tawaf is through.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we must finish it all,  
Before we go home, no matter how small?

Baba:

Exactly, my dear, the teachings are clear,  
Follow the steps, and be sincere.  
Only after Safa and Marwa are done,  
Can we go home and say we've won.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, and I'll do it right,  
I'll follow the Prophet's ﷺ way with all my might.  
Thank you, Baba, for showing the way,  
Now I know how to complete Umrah today.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, you've learned so well,  
In following the Sunnah, you can surely excel.  
May Allah guide us in every task we start,  
And may He keep us close in our hearts.

Praying in the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story, and I'm filled with awe,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his visit to the Ka'bah's floor.  
I wonder, did he pray there, inside that sacred place?  
Did he pray facing Allah, with peace on his face?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a beautiful question you've asked,  
Let me tell you the story, and let's get to the task.  
When the Prophet ﷺ entered the Ka'bah one day,  
He prayed two Rakat in a special way.

Mansoor:

He prayed inside the Ka'bah? How amazing it seems!  
What was so special about this prayer, Baba, it beams!

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ prayed between two pillars,  
so grand,

To your left, when you enter, the prayer did stand.  
Bilal (RA) was there, watching with care,  
He saw the Prophet ﷺ offer his prayer.

Mansoor:

And did the Prophet ﷺ leave after that prayer?  
Or did he stay and pray more while in the air?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, after his prayer, he came out with grace,  
Facing the Ka'bah, he prayed in that holy space.  
Two more Rakat, in front of the house so dear,  
A moment of closeness, with Allah near.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ prayed twice in the Ka'bah that  
day?  
And then he showed us how to pray in the best way?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, his actions are clear,  
For us to follow, with love and with cheer.  
He prayed in the Ka'bah, showing us the way,  
And that's the lesson for us to obey.

Mansoor:

I'm so glad, Baba, to know about this holy act,

I'll follow the Prophet ﷺ, and always keep track.  
Praying to Allah, in the Ka'bah's light,  
With love and respect, my heart feels so bright.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for your thoughts so pure,  
May your love for prayer always endure.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, we pray to Him each day,  
With our hearts full of faith, in every way.

### The Prophet's Prayer in the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a tale so grand,  
About the Prophet ﷺ in Makkah's land.  
When he entered the Ka'bah, what did he do?  
I want to know, so tell me, Baba, please do.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a beautiful thought,  
Let me tell you the story, so you'll be taught.  
When the Prophet ﷺ entered that sacred space,  
He didn't pray yet, he took his time with grace.

Mansoor:

He didn't pray right away? That's quite a surprise!  
What did he do inside, before the prayer rise?



Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, with a heart full of care,  
Invoked Allah, with a prayer so rare.  
On each side of the Ka'bah, he made his call,  
Praising Allah, the Creator of all.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, he prayed to Allah, not in the Ka'bah's shade?  
He waited until he was outside to make his prayer, I'm  
amazed!

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's right, he waited outside,  
Then he offered two Rakat, with Allah as his guide.  
Facing the Ka'bah, he bowed in prayer,  
And said, "This is the Qibla," with love and care.

Mansoor:

He said, "This is the Qibla," Baba, how deep,  
That's where we face when we pray and we weep.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, the Ka'bah we face,  
It's the direction for prayers, a holy place.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us this way,  
To honor Allah and to pray each day.

Mansoor:

I'm so happy to know this, Baba, it's true!  
I'll remember the Ka'bah when I pray too.  
Facing it with love, as the Prophet ﷺ did,  
I'll pray with my heart, with my soul fully lit.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for understanding so well,  
The Ka'bah is sacred, and that's a story to tell.  
May your prayers always bring you near,  
To Allah's mercy, full of love and cheer.

## The Change of Qibla

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story about the Qibla so true,  
The Prophet ﷺ faced Baitul-Maqdis, but later changed  
to the Ka'bah too.  
Why did he pray one way, and then face another?  
Can you explain it to me, like you always do, Baba, like no  
other?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a very good question you ask,  
Let me tell you the story, it's a tale with a task.

The Prophet ﷺ prayed towards Baitul-Maqdis for some time,  
But his heart longed for the Ka'bah, the sacred place so sublime.

Mansoor:

He loved the Ka'bah, Baba, that's why he turned,  
But why didn't he just do it, without waiting, unlearned?

Baba:

Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ was guided by Allah's light,  
And Allah revealed to him what was truly right.  
He loved to face the Ka'bah, it was his heart's desire,  
But for sixteen or seventeen months, he faced the other,  
with great fire.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did Allah say to the Prophet ﷺ then?  
Did He say it was time to face the Ka'bah again?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Allah saw the Prophet's yearning face,  
And revealed: "We have seen the turning of your face to  
the heaven's grace."  
So, He commanded the Prophet ﷺ to face the Ka'bah in  
prayer,  
And this became the Qibla, with Allah's guidance so fair.

Mansoor:

And did the people understand this, Baba, right away?  
Or did they ask questions, like “Why this change today?”

Baba:

Some of the people, especially those who didn’t believe,  
Said, “Why have they turned away from the Qibla they  
used to achieve?”

But Allah revealed to them, “To Allah belongs the East and  
the West,”

And He guides whom He wills to the path that’s the best.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, everyone turned to the Ka’bah that day,  
And that’s how it became the Qibla, in every way?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor! One man, after praying with the  
Prophet ﷺ,

Went out and saw others facing the old Qibla again.

He said, “I prayed with the Prophet ﷺ facing the Ka’bah,  
you see,”

And then everyone turned, to face the Ka’bah with unity.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, and it makes my heart glow,

That Allah's guidance is always the way we should go.  
We trust in His wisdom, and follow His command,  
Just as the Prophet ﷺ did, in the sacred land.

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, Allah's wisdom is clear,  
He guides us to the right path, year after year.  
Always trust in Allah's plan, and know He's near,  
He will always guide you, and take away fear.

Prayers on the Move

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question, it's something I heard,  
I heard the Prophet ﷺ prayed on his mount, not a word.  
He prayed while riding, wherever it went,  
Can you tell me more, Baba, about what this meant?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a great question you ask,  
Let me tell you the story, a beautiful task.  
The Prophet ﷺ was on his mount, moving around,  
But even then, he never let his prayers be unbound.

Mansoor:

He prayed while riding, Baba, while moving so fast?  
Didn't he stop to pray, or was it just a task?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, when he prayed the extra prayers,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed on his mount, without any cares.  
As the Rahila moved, he'd face whatever direction,  
But for the obligatory prayers, there was no exception.

Mansoor:

So when it was time for the five daily prayers,  
He'd dismount his mount, no matter where he was there?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's exactly right!  
When it was time for the Fard prayers, so bright,  
The Prophet ﷺ would dismount with great care,  
And face the Qibla, in a prayer so fair.

Mansoor:

Baba, this shows us something important to see,  
That even when moving, we still must be free,  
To pray to Allah, wherever we are,  
Whether near or far, Allah is the star.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood so well,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the importance to dwell,  
In our prayers, no matter where we may be,

On a mount or walking, we pray with purity.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should pray always, with no delay,  
Even if we're moving, on a journey each day?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, no matter where you may roam,  
Always pray to Allah, who makes your heart home.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, we must follow His way,  
In every prayer, and in all that we say.

## The Two Prostrations of Sahu

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray, sometimes I feel unsure,  
What if I forget, or miss something for sure?  
How can I be certain my prayer is complete,  
If I make a mistake, what do I do to meet?

Baba:

Mansoor, that's a great question, my son,  
Let me tell you a story, of something once done.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, just like you and me,  
And sometimes, even he would forget, you see.

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ forgot too, Baba? Oh, my!  
What did he do when he made a mistake, oh my?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, even he, though perfect in his way,  
Was human like us, in the prayers he would pray.  
Once, after praying, the people were confused,  
“Has the prayer changed?” they were all so bemused.

Mansoor:

They thought the prayer had changed, Baba, how so?  
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, did he know?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, after hearing their cry,  
Said, “If something had changed, I would not deny.  
But I am human, I forget just like you,  
And if I do, remind me, so I can make it true.”

Mansoor:

So, Baba, when we forget, what must we do?  
Do we stop praying or start all over too?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, if you forget, don't worry or fret,  
Just follow what feels right, and don't forget,  
If unsure of your prayer, continue with care,



Then perform two prostrations, and Allah will be fair.

Mansoor:

Two prostrations of Sahu, Baba, I see!

But what does that mean, and how do we agree?

Baba:

It's simple, my son, when you feel unsure,

Just make two prostrations, and your prayer is pure.

Afterward, you say Salam, and you're done,

Your prayer is complete, just like everyone.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's okay to make mistakes,

As long as I follow the right steps that it takes.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, we all make errors sometimes,

But with patience and care, we follow Allah's signs.

And remember, in every prayer, we seek Allah's grace,

And He forgives us, with His mercy and embrace.

The Wisdom of Umar (RA)

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard about Umar, the wise,

How he helped the Prophet with answers so precise.

He spoke with wisdom, and Allah agreed,  
What were those moments? Please tell me, indeed.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you're right to ask with care,  
Umar's wisdom was great, and Allah was fair.  
Three times in his life, Allah showed him the way,  
And today, I'll share these moments of faith that did stay.

Mansoor:

Tell me, Baba, what did Umar say,  
That caused Allah's response in such a special way?

Baba:

First, Umar said, "O Prophet, I wish,  
That the station of Ibrahim be our prayer place, a wish!"  
And Allah responded, as He always does,  
"Take the station of Ibrahim, and pray as he was."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, Umar's wish was granted so clear,  
And now we pray at the Ka'bah, year after year!

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that was the first call,  
But Umar's wisdom didn't stop there at all.  
He said, "O Prophet, I wish the women be veiled,

For the good and bad ones talk to them unassailed."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, Umar's wish for veiling, was it true?  
That Allah revealed the verse about it too?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Allah answered his plea,  
Revealing the verse, for women's dignity.  
"Veil yourselves, O women, for modesty's grace,  
And protect your beauty in a pure, holy place."

Mansoor:

Umar's wisdom, Baba, was strong and bright,  
But what happened next? Was there more insight?

Baba:

Indeed, Mansoor, there's one more tale,  
When the Prophet's wives, together, did wail.  
Umar said, "If they go, don't worry, don't grieve,  
Allah will give better wives, better to believe."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, Allah responded with that same thought,  
And revealed a verse, showing His wisdom was sought?

Baba:

Yes, my son, Allah's words were clear,  
A verse was revealed, bringing us near:  
"Better wives, if it's Allah's plan,  
He knows what's best for every man."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, Umar's wisdom guided us right,  
And Allah agreed, with His shining light.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Umar's heart was pure,  
His words so wise, his faith so sure.  
Remember, my son, to seek wisdom each day,  
And Allah will guide you along the way.

## The Change of Qibla

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard something today,  
About a time when the Qibla changed its way.  
The people at Quba, were they confused?  
When Allah's command left them bemused?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you're curious as ever,  
Let me tell you of a time, and it's clever.  
The people in Quba prayed so true,

Facing Sham, the city that they knew.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, they prayed to Sham, not the Ka'bah?  
Wasn't that strange? How did they know the answer?

Baba:

It was the night, after Fajr had begun,  
The Prophet ﷺ received a message, a new one.  
Allah revealed, "Turn towards the Ka'bah,"  
A command so clear, no doubt, no drama.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Qibla changed, just like that?  
Did everyone know? Or was it a chat?

Baba:

It wasn't long before someone arrived,  
With the news that had everyone surprised.  
They said, "The Prophet has been told to pray,  
Facing the Ka'bah, the sacred way."

Mansoor:

But Baba, they had been facing Sham,  
How did they all change with such calm?

Baba:

The people at Quba, with hearts so pure,  
When they heard the news, they were sure.  
They didn't question, they didn't delay,  
They turned towards the Ka'bah, to obey.

Mansoor:

That's amazing, Baba, they trusted with ease,  
When they knew Allah's will, they were at peace.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, they followed without any doubt,  
A lesson for us to always follow and shout.  
Trust in Allah's guidance, with faith so strong,  
For when we follow His path, we can never go wrong.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, now I understand the story so clear,  
How the Qibla changed, and how Allah's guidance is dear.

Baba:

That's right, my son, remember this well,  
In Allah's commands, there's a wisdom to tell.  
Always follow His guidance, and never stray,  
And you'll find peace, every single day.

The Five Rakat Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I was thinking about prayer today,  
And something puzzled me, I must say.  
In Zuhr prayer, I heard it's true,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed five Rakat too!

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you have a sharp mind,  
Let me tell you what's important to find.  
Once, the Prophet ﷺ prayed with care,  
And something happened that made them aware.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how could that happen?  
Wasn't the prayer supposed to be just four?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it was a special case,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed a little extra grace.  
When he finished, they were all amazed,  
“Why five Rakat?” they were all dazed.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did the Prophet say?  
Did he know something went astray?

Baba:

He said, “What is it, why do you ask?”  
They told him, “You prayed five, that’s the task.”  
He didn’t panic, didn’t get upset,  
He just bent his legs, no regret.

Mansoor:  
He bent his legs, what did he do next?  
I’m curious, Baba, what came next?

Baba:  
The Prophet ﷺ, with calm and peace,  
Performed two prostrations, a prayer’s release.  
It’s called Sahu, a simple way,  
To correct any mistake in the prayer today.

Mansoor:  
Wow, Baba, the Prophet didn’t get mad,  
He fixed his prayer, and didn’t feel bad.

Baba:  
Yes, my son, that’s the lesson to learn,  
If we make a mistake, it’s no reason to burn.  
We can fix it, we can correct,  
And Allah forgives, that’s the respect.

Mansoor:  
So, Baba, I should not worry or fear,



If I make a mistake, Allah is near?

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, Allah's mercy is vast,  
He knows our hearts and makes our mistakes pass.  
Remember, my son, always pray with love,  
And Allah will guide you from above.

The Prophet's Respect for the Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw something strange,  
A man spat while praying, so out of range.  
He did it near the Qibla, right there,  
Is that okay, Baba? Should we care?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question, my son,  
Let me tell you a story, it's an important one.  
The Prophet ﷺ once prayed in a mosque,  
And something happened that made him stop and talk.

Mansoor:

What happened, Baba? Was there a mistake?  
What did the Prophet ﷺ do for goodness' sake?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ saw something quite wrong,  
Sputum on the wall, where it didn't belong.  
His face showed disgust, he was not pleased,  
So he stood up and acted with ease.

Mansoor:

Did he get angry? What did he say?  
How did he show the right way?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ didn't shout or scold,  
He taught us a lesson, kind and bold.  
He said, "When you stand to pray,  
You're speaking to your Lord in a special way."

Mansoor:

So we shouldn't spit while facing the Qibla, right?  
But where should we spit, Baba, in the light?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, that's the rule,  
Spitting in the direction of the Qibla is not cool.  
But you can spit to the left, or beneath your feet,  
Or like the Prophet ﷺ, with a simple treat.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ do with his sheet?

How did he show us the way to be neat?

Baba:

He took the corner of his sheet, my dear,  
Spat in it, folded it, and held it near.

He showed us how to respect the prayer,  
By being mindful of the space we share.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should always be clean,  
When we pray, and keep our space serene.

Baba:

Yes, my son, always remember this:  
Respect in prayer is part of the bliss.  
Cleanliness in heart, in space, in deed,  
Makes your prayer pure and your heart freed.

### The Respect of Prayer and Cleanliness

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw something strange,  
A man spat while praying, it felt out of range.  
It was near the Qibla, so I was surprised,  
Is that okay, Baba? Should I be wise?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question, my son,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ had done.  
Once, while praying in the mosque one day,  
He saw some sputum in the Qibla's way.

Mansoor:

Was the Prophet ﷺ upset, Baba?  
How did he show us the right way to pray?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ saw the sputum with care,  
He didn't shout, he didn't glare.  
He simply scraped it off the wall,  
And then he turned and spoke to us all.

Mansoor:

What did he say, Baba? What did he teach?  
How can we avoid such things in our reach?

Baba:

He said, "Whenever you stand to pray,  
Remember, Allah is in front of you that day.  
Do not spit in front of you, my dear,  
For Allah is there, so be sincere."

Mansoor:

So we should not spit while facing the Qibla, right?

But where can we spit when we're in sight?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you are right indeed,  
Spitting in front of you is not what we need.  
Instead, you can spit to the left, you see,  
Or beneath your feet, as simple as can be.

Mansoor:

And what did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba?  
How did he show us what we should do, oh Baba?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ took his sheet, my son,  
He spat in the corner, and then he was done.  
He folded it up, showing us the way,  
To keep our space clean, when we pray.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we must always be clean,  
When we pray, to keep our hearts serene.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, respect in prayer is key,  
It's not just about you or me.  
It's about honoring the moment we share,  
With Allah in front, we must be fair.

## The Prophet's Care for Cleanliness

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something in the mosque today,  
Some sputum on the wall, in the Qibla's way.  
It made me wonder, is this okay?  
Should we clean up or just walk away?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's an excellent thought,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
Once, in the mosque, a similar sight,  
The Prophet saw sputum, and it didn't feel right.

Mansoor:

Did he get upset, Baba? Was he angry?  
What did he do? How did he act so calmly?

Baba:

No, my son, he wasn't angry at all,  
But he knew something needed to be done in the hall.  
He saw the sputum, and with gentle care,  
He scraped it off, showing us how to share.

Mansoor:

So the Prophet ﷺ didn't leave it be?

He cleaned it up to set an example for me?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, he showed us the way,  
That cleanliness matters every single day.  
He didn't want anything between us and Allah,  
So he kept the space pure for everyone, big or small.

Mansoor:

But why was it so important, Baba, to clean?  
Why couldn't they just leave it unseen?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ knew that when we pray,  
We stand before Allah in a special way.  
We shouldn't let anything be in the way,  
Of the purity in our hearts when we pray.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we must always keep things clean,  
Not just for the prayer, but to keep our hearts serene?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, cleanliness is a part,  
Of having a good and pure heart.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us with love and care,  
That purity is something we all must share.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, thank you so much,  
I'll make sure to keep my prayers pure with a gentle touch.

## The Prophet's Gentle Teachings on Cleanliness

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something that made me think,  
Some sputum on the wall, near where we pray and sink.  
I wondered, Baba, if it's okay to spit,  
Or should we be careful, as the Prophet ﷺ did?

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, that's a good question, my son,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ has done.  
Once, he saw some sputum on the mosque wall,  
He didn't get upset, but he acted for us all.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did the Prophet ﷺ do then?  
Did he ignore it, or act as a good man?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ wasn't angry, not at all,  
But he took some gravel and cleaned the wall.  
He showed us how to keep the mosque pure,



For cleanliness is something we should always ensure.

Mansoor:

But Baba, if we need to spit, what should we do?  
Should we just spit anywhere, or is there something we  
should pursue?

Baba:

Ah, my son, the Prophet ﷺ taught us this,  
Spitting in front or to the right is amiss.  
But he said, with care, we should spit to the left,  
Or under our foot, in a way that's best.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should always be polite,  
And keep our space clean, especially in sight?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
To respect our surroundings every day.  
Whether at home, in the mosque, or the street,  
We should care for cleanliness, and never be neat.

Mansoor:

I'll remember this lesson, Baba, for sure,  
To keep things clean, and my heart pure.

## The Prophet's Care for Cleanliness

Mansoor:

Baba, I noticed something odd today,  
Some sputum on the wall where we pray.  
Is it okay to leave it there, I wonder?  
Should we clean it up or just leave it asunder?

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, that's a very good thought,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
Once, in the mosque, he saw something there,  
Sputum on the wall, but he didn't despair.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba dear?  
Did he leave it there, or did he show us care?

Baba:

He didn't ignore it, nor did he just stare,  
He got some gravel, and cleaned with great care.  
He said, "Keep the mosque clean, for it's where we pray,  
And cleanliness is something we should do every day."

Mansoor:

But Baba, if we need to spit, what should we do?  
Should we just spit wherever, or is there a clue?

Baba:

Ah, my son, the Prophet ﷺ taught us with grace,  
Not to spit in front or to the right place.  
He said, “Spit to the left, or under your feet,  
And that’s how to stay respectful and neat.”

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should always keep things clean,  
Respecting our space, and keeping it serene?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ showed the way,  
By taking care of the mosque each day.  
We should do the same in all that we do,  
And always be mindful of how we treat our view.

Mansoor:

I’ll remember this lesson, Baba, and take care,  
To keep my surroundings clean, everywhere.

## The Prophet's Wisdom on Cleanliness

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something today on the wall,  
A mark of sputum, which didn’t look good at all.  
Should we just leave it there or clean it away?

What does the Prophet ﷺ have to say?

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you ask a great thing,  
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ did bring.  
Once, in the mosque, he saw something there,  
Sputum on the wall, but he didn't despair.

Mansoor:

What did he do when he saw it, Baba?  
Did he leave it there, or did he act in awe?

Baba:

He didn't just ignore it or walk on by,  
He cared for cleanliness, with a thoughtful eye.  
He took some gravel and scraped it away,  
Then he said, "Keep the mosque clean every day."

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I need to spit,  
Should I just spit anywhere, or is there a better fit?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ taught us how to be kind,  
He said, "Spit neither in front nor on your right mind.  
You can spit on the left or under your feet,  
And that will keep things clean and neat."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should always keep things clean,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ showed us to be serene?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, cleanliness is part of our way,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us to keep it that way.  
We should take care of our space and our place,  
And honor the teachings with love and grace.

Mansoor:

I'll remember, Baba, and keep things clean,  
From the walls to the floors, and everywhere in between.

### Keeping Our Mosque Clean

Mansoor:

Baba, I was in the mosque today,  
And I saw something that wasn't okay.  
On the wall, there was some spit,  
What should I do if I see that bit?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you noticed something right,  
Let me tell you about the Prophet's light.  
Once, in the mosque, the Prophet ﷺ did see,

A spot on the wall, not where it should be.

Mansoor:

What did he do, Baba, when he saw it there?  
Did he leave it, or did he care?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ didn't leave it, my son,  
He cared for cleanliness, for everyone.  
He took gravel, scraped it off the wall,  
And taught us a lesson for one and all.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what if I need to spit,  
Where should I do it? Can you tell me a bit?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, I'm glad you ask,  
For in Islam, cleanliness is a noble task.  
The Prophet ﷺ said to us, "If you spit,  
Don't do it in front or on your right bit."

Mansoor:

Oh, I see! What should I do then, Baba?  
Where should I spit if not in front or on my right?

Baba:

You can spit on your left or under your foot,  
This way, your actions remain clean and good.  
Remember, cleanliness is a way of respect,  
A principle the Prophet ﷺ taught, correct?

Mansoor:

I'll remember, Baba, and I'll keep it clean,  
Whether at home, the mosque, or the street I've seen.  
I'll follow the Prophet's ﷺ wisdom so true,  
And keep my surroundings clean, just like you!

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, I'm so proud,  
You're following the Prophet's ﷺ example, so loud.  
Always remember, my son, wherever you go,  
Cleanliness in Islam will help you to grow.

### The Proper Way to Spit

Mansoor:

Baba, I was walking to the park,  
When someone spat right by the dark.  
It was in front, on the right side too,  
I remembered the teachings I learned from you!

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you remembered well,

Islamic values are a treasure we must tell.  
The Prophet ﷺ gave us clear advice,  
To ensure our actions are pure and nice.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what should we do instead?  
If we need to spit, what should be said?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, with wisdom so bright,  
Taught us to avoid spitting in front or on the right.  
He said, "Spit on your left or under your foot,"  
This keeps things clean, and that's our root.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's quite clear,  
We should always do what's right, never steer  
Away from the good that Islam has taught,  
To keep our actions pure, as we were brought.

Baba:

Yes, my son, Islam teaches us to care,  
For cleanliness, respect, and being fair.  
When we follow the Prophet ﷺ's way,  
We make the world a better place every day.

Mansoor:



I will remember this lesson so true,  
And pass it along to others too.  
When I spit, it'll be done right,  
On my left or under my foot, day or night.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for understanding well,  
With such good behavior, you'll always excel.  
Keep practicing these teachings with love,  
And may Allah guide you from above.

## The Prayer and Respectful Actions

Mansoor:

Baba, I've been thinking a lot,  
About something the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
When we pray, we speak with our Lord,  
How should we act, when we're in prayer, adored?

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, that's a wonderful thought,  
When we stand in prayer, with reverence we're caught.  
In those moments, we're speaking in private, so true,  
To Allah, our Lord, with our hearts so new.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, is there a way we should behave?

What do we do if we need to save  
Ourselves from spitting during our prayer?  
What's the best way to show we care?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ gave us wise guidance, dear,  
To make sure our actions are clean and clear.  
He said, "If you spit, don't do it in front,  
Or on your right, that's not the right stunt."

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, I understand,  
When we pray, we must make a stand.  
We should not spit where others might see,  
We must respect the space, as it's meant to be.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you've got it just right,  
When in prayer, our actions must be light.  
We should spit to our left or under our foot,  
This shows respect, and our prayer takes root.

Mansoor:

I will keep this in mind, Baba, today,  
To make my prayers pure in every way.  
I'll never spit in front or to the side,  
But on my left, with respect and pride.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for learning so fast,  
These lessons will help you, and they will last.  
May Allah bless you and keep you pure,  
In your prayers, and in actions, so sure.

### The Proper Way to Show Respect

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something strange today,  
In the mosque, I noticed it in the way.  
Some sputum on the wall near the Qibla,  
What should we do when this happens, Baba?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question, my son,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us what should be done.  
When He saw such things in the mosque one day,  
He taught us how to keep the place clean in a special way.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, did the Prophet ﷺ get upset,  
When He saw it there, did He show regret?  
How did He fix it, and what did He say,  
For us to follow and do the right way?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ was calm and wise,  
He took gravel and scraped it, no surprise.  
Then He taught us a rule to remember with care,  
"Don't spit in front, or on your right side, beware."

Mansoor:

Oh, I see now, Baba, that makes sense,  
We must be mindful and not act in offense.  
So, where should we spit if we need to do so,  
To keep things clean and our manners to show?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said it clear and bright,  
Spit on your left or under your foot, that's right.  
This keeps things respectful, neat, and pure,  
And our actions in prayer remain secure.

Mansoor:

I'll remember, Baba, and keep it in mind,  
To follow the teachings the Prophet ﷺ did find.  
Spitting to the left or beneath my feet,  
Shows respect for the mosque, so clean and neat.

Baba:

Well done, my son, you've learned so fast,  
These lessons of respect will forever last.

May Allah guide you and keep you right,  
In your actions, both day and night.

## The Respectful Mosque

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something today at the mosque,  
Some people were spitting without a thought.  
It seemed wrong to me, but I didn't know why,  
Could you please help me, Baba, I need to ask why?

Baba:

Ah, my son, this is a good question, indeed,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us the proper way to proceed.  
Spitting in the mosque is not something to do,  
It's a sin, and that's something we must all view.

Mansoor:

A sin, Baba? I didn't understand,  
Why would spitting in the mosque be so grand?  
Is it really that serious? What should we do,  
If someone spits there, what is the right view?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it's serious, for the mosque is pure,  
A place of worship where respect must endure.  
The Prophet ﷺ said to avoid such a sin,

And if it happens, bury it where it's been.

Mansoor:

Oh, I see now, Baba, that's really clear,  
The mosque is for worship, and it must stay dear.  
But if someone does spit, what's the right way,  
To fix it, Baba, and keep it at bay?

Baba:

If someone spits in the mosque, don't worry, my son,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us how to get it done.  
You bury it, cover it, and make it right,  
This cleanses the place and keeps it bright.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it makes perfect sense,  
We must respect the mosque, in every defense.  
Spitting is wrong, and if it does occur,  
We must bury it, with no haste or blur.

Baba:

Well done, my son, you've learned with grace,  
Respect for the mosque is an important place.  
May Allah guide you to always be kind,  
In every action, with a heart refined.

The Right Way to Stand and Pray

Mansoor:

Baba, today in the mosque I saw,  
A man spitting while standing, without a flaw.  
But something about it didn't seem right,  
Could you explain, Baba, with your insight?

Baba:

Ah, my son, I'm proud of your care,  
You noticed something that wasn't quite fair.  
When we stand for prayer, it's a special time,  
We speak to Allah, so we must be in line.

Mansoor:

But why can't we spit while standing in prayer?  
I thought it was just something simple and fair.  
Is there a reason we should avoid it so?  
Please, Baba, let me know.

Baba:

Well, Mansoor, when we pray, we're close to the One,  
Allah is near us, and the prayer has begun.  
In that sacred moment, we speak to Him alone,  
So we must show respect, with a heart full-grown.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, it's about being sincere,

In our prayers, we must be pure and clear.  
But why can't we spit to the right or ahead,  
Is there a special reason for what you've said?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the right side is where the angel stands,  
Watching over us with Allah's commands.  
And spitting in front, it's not respectful, my son,  
For it distracts from the prayer we've begun.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what should we do if we must?  
Should we hold it in, or is there a trust?

Baba:

Good question, Mansoor, you're learning so well,  
If you need to spit, there's a place you can tell.  
On your left or under your left foot,  
But never in front, that's the proper route.

Mansoor:

Ah, I understand now, Baba, it's clear,  
Spitting in the right way makes things sincere.  
Thank you for teaching me this wise rule,  
Now I'll always be careful, and follow the school.

Baba:



I'm proud of you, my son, for you've learned today,  
To follow the Prophet's صلى الله عليه وسلم way.  
Respect in prayer, and in every part,  
Is the key to keeping a pure heart.

## The Right Way to Show Respect in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today in the mosque, I saw,  
Someone spitting near the Qibla, which made me pause.  
I thought, "Why would someone do such a thing,  
When we stand to pray and praise the King?"

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you've noticed something true,  
Let me share with you what we should do.  
When we stand for prayer, we're close to our Lord,  
Speaking in private with a heart full of awe.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what's wrong with spitting, I ask,  
Why can't we do it while in the prayer task?

Baba:

It's a good question, my dear little son,  
When we pray, our connection has just begun.  
Allah is near, and the Qibla's in sight,

We must show respect, for it's a sacred night.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, spitting towards the Qibla is wrong?  
But why is it such a big issue, so strong?

Baba:

You see, Mansoor, the Qibla is holy and pure,  
And in prayer, we must keep our hearts secure.  
When we spit towards it, it's a sign of disrespect,  
For the Qibla should be treated with utmost respect.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, that's the way,  
But where should we spit if we need to today?

Baba:

Well, my son, you should spit to the left,  
Or under your foot—this is what's best.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the right way,  
He even used his cloth on a different day.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I can fold my cloth with care,  
And spit in it if needed, to keep things fair?

Baba:

Yes, that's the proper way, my dear,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed it so clear.  
Respect in prayer and in all that we do,  
Is the key to making our hearts pure and true.

Mansoor:

I'm grateful, Baba, for all you've taught,  
Now I know how to keep my prayer pure, as it ought.  
I'll follow these lessons and always be right,  
In showing respect and prayer with all my might.

### The Power of Sincerity in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today I was thinking of prayer,  
When I bowed down, I wondered—does Allah care?  
Does He see us when we stand and kneel,  
Or is it just our actions that He can feel?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, that's a great thought,  
Let me share something the Prophet ﷺ taught.  
He said, "Do you think my face is towards the Qibla?"  
Yet, He saw us all, from His back, so clear, mashallah!

Mansoor:

So, Baba, you're saying Allah can see us all,

From every angle, no matter how small?  
Even when we bow or bend with grace,  
Allah knows our hearts, He sees every face?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the truth I'm telling,  
It's not just the actions, but the heart that's compelling.  
When we stand for prayer, Allah knows our soul,  
He sees our sincerity, and that makes us whole.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I'm not perfect in prayer,  
If I forget a step or lose my way there?

Baba:

It's okay, my son, don't worry or fear,  
What matters most is that you draw near.  
Allah knows your heart, and He knows your strife,  
He looks at your sincerity, not just your life.

Mansoor:

So, if I'm sincere and I pray with care,  
Allah sees my efforts, He'll always be there?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, sincerity is the key,  
When we pray, we open our hearts, you see.

Even if you falter or make a mistake,  
Allah's mercy is there, for your sake.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, with all my might,  
That sincerity in prayer makes everything right.  
I'll focus on my heart, and pray with care,  
Knowing that Allah sees me everywhere.

Allah Sees Us, Even When We Bow

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray, how does Allah see,  
When we bow down, are we truly free?  
Can He see our hearts, even when we bend,  
Is He always there, from beginning to end?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that's a good question to ask,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us this task.  
When we pray, and bow down low,  
Allah sees us, wherever we go.

Mansoor:

So, Allah sees us even when we bow,  
And He knows us better than we know now?  
When we make our movements in prayer,

Is He watching us with love and care?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the truth so bright,  
In prayer, Allah sees everything in sight.  
The Prophet ﷺ said it very clear,  
He sees us as if He's right here.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I forget the right way,  
Or lose focus when I pray today?

Baba:

Mansoor, don't worry, just do your best,  
Allah knows your heart, He knows the rest.  
When we pray with love, sincerity, and care,  
Allah rewards us, for He is always there.

Mansoor:

So, it's not just about bowing or standing tall,  
It's how we pray with our hearts, above all?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's the heart that counts,  
Sincerity in prayer is what truly amounts.  
Allah sees us from every side,  
With mercy, He's always there to guide.

Mansoor:

I'll remember that, Baba, with each prayer,  
Allah sees me, with love and care.  
I'll pray with sincerity, my heart so true,  
Knowing Allah sees all I do.

### The Race of Patience and Effort

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story from the past,  
About a horse race, fast and vast.  
The Prophet ﷺ had called for a race,  
Where horses would run, in a special place.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's true and right,  
A race took place one bright day's light.  
Some horses were trained, swift and fast,  
Others were new, but they tried to last.

Mansoor:

Did Ibn Umar race in that day,  
With the horses that ran in such a way?

Baba:

Indeed, my son, Ibn Umar took part,

In the race with a brave and eager heart.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed how to compete,  
Not just for victory, but for the journey's feat.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what's the lesson in this race?  
Is it just about running in a fast pace?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, it's more than that,  
The race was about effort, patience, and chat.  
It's not always the fast who win the prize,  
But the one who tries, and always tries.

Mansoor:

So, it's not about winning every time?  
It's about trying hard, even if it's hard to climb?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's the effort we make,  
The patience we show, even when we ache.  
In life, just like in this race we see,  
It's the effort that counts, and sincerity.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, so clear,  
Effort and patience are what we hold dear.



I'll try my best, and keep working on,  
With Allah's help, I'll keep moving on.

Baba:

That's the spirit, Mansoor, you've got it right,  
Keep going strong, with all your might.  
Like the horses that ran that day,  
It's the effort you put that lights your way.

### The Treasure in the Mosque

Mansoor:

Baba, today at school I heard,  
Of a story with gold and Prophet's word.  
Goods had come from far Bahrain,  
And filled the mosque like pouring rain!

Baba:

Yes, my dear, that tale is true,  
The Prophet ﷺ had wealth in view.  
But he didn't touch or count the lot,  
He prayed to Allah, forgot the pot.

Mansoor:

He gave it all when prayer was done?  
To everyone—each and every one?

Baba:

Exactly, son, with open hand,  
He shared the wealth across the land.  
He didn't keep a single coin,  
For his own home or family line.

Mansoor:

But Baba, didn't someone ask for more?  
I think it was Abbas, I'm sure!

Baba:

Indeed, Al-'Abbas came with plea,  
He said, "Please give some more to me."  
The Prophet ﷺ said, "Go, take what you need,"  
So he gathered with hands full of greed.

Mansoor:

Was it too much for him to hold?  
His clothes couldn't carry all that gold?

Baba:

He tried to lift it, but oh, what weight!  
He stumbled and dropped some of the crate.  
Again he begged, "Ya Rasulullah, help me!"  
But the Prophet ﷺ watched—so calmly, gently.

Mansoor:

He didn't help him? That's so strange!  
Why wouldn't he help with such a range?

Baba:

Because, my son, it was meant to teach,  
That greed makes hands and hearts overreach.  
You must take only what you can bear,  
And always remember the poor and fair.

Mansoor:

So giving is good, but not too much?  
And greed can make you lose your touch?

Baba:

That's right, my child, take only your share,  
Give others too, and always care.  
The Prophet ﷺ gave till not a coin remained,  
And never let selfishness be unchained.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, I'll try to be,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ—so kind and free!

Baba:

That's my Mansoor, wise and bright,  
Growing with manners, walking in light.

## A Meal for the Prophet ﷺ

Mansoor:

Baba, today our teacher said,  
A Sahabi called Anas once sped,  
To bring the Prophet ﷺ joyful news—  
Of a meal from Abu Talha's views!

Baba:

Ah, yes, my son, a story sweet,  
Of love and kindness when hearts did meet.  
Anas, a boy not much older than you,  
Ran to the mosque with a job to do.

Mansoor:

He told the Prophet ﷺ, "Yes, it's true,  
Abu Talha sent me just to you!"  
The Prophet ﷺ smiled and gently asked,  
"For a meal, my boy?" And Anas gasped:

Baba:

"Yes!" he replied with a humble grin,  
And the Prophet ﷺ invited all with him in.  
He didn't say, "It's just for me,"  
But called his companions so lovingly.

Mansoor:

Baba, wasn't food a little tight?  
How could they serve such a big invite?

Baba:  
That's where the miracle starts, my dear—  
With faith in Allah, there's nothing to fear.  
Though food was small, just bread and meat,  
It filled each heart, and none missed a treat.

Mansoor:  
So the Prophet ﷺ trusted, and shared with care,  
Not worried if there'd be enough to spare?

Baba:  
Exactly, son, it's a powerful way—  
To show us to give, not turn away.  
Hospitality grows from love and grace,  
Not from how much is on your plate.

Mansoor:  
That's beautiful, Baba, I now see,  
The meal was more than food—it's generosity!

Baba:  
And you, my Mansoor, can learn today,  
That blessings come when we give away.  
Even a little, when shared with love,

Grows with the help of Allah above.

## The Test of Truth

Mansoor:

Baba, I read a Hadith today,  
But I don't quite know what it tried to say.  
A man asked something very bold,  
And the story, Baba, strangely told  
Of a husband, wife, and a serious claim—  
Why was it mentioned by name?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, that tale you cite,  
Teaches truth, even when it's tight.  
Sometimes in life, when wrongs are done,  
Emotions rise like a blazing sun.  
But Islam, my son, teaches calm and grace,  
Even when pain is hard to face.

Mansoor:

Was the man angry, Baba, and mad?  
Did he want to hurt, because he was sad?

Baba:

He was hurt, yes, and that's true,  
But hurting others isn't what Muslims do.

Instead, the Prophet ﷺ showed a way,  
Where justice and truth both could stay.  
It's called Lian, a serious vow,  
To speak the truth with a solemn brow.

Mansoor:

What is Lian, Baba? Is it a fight?  
Or something you do when things aren't right?

Baba:

It's when a husband and wife must stand,  
And raise the truth with a lifted hand.  
Each speaks before Allah, not once but five—  
To keep justice and trust alive.  
If a husband claims what he saw was wrong,  
He swears by Allah with words so strong.  
Then the wife, too, can take the same stand,  
To show that truth is in her hand.

Mansoor:

So, no one shouts or takes revenge?  
No one hurts, or tries to avenge?

Baba:

Exactly, son, it's not our way—  
To harm in anger or go astray.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed a peaceful road,

With patience, justice, and truth bestowed.  
This teaches us to seek Allah's sight,  
And not to act from anger or fright.

Mansoor:

Baba, Islam is fair and kind,  
Even when hurt fills the mind.

Baba:

That's the lesson, my precious one,  
To walk in truth when trials come.  
And always trust Allah's command—  
For He brings justice with His hand.

### A Special Prayer Spot

Mansoor:

Baba, can someone pray at home,  
Like in the yard or near the dome?  
Does it have to be in a masjid tall,  
With shining lights and marble wall?

Baba:

Ah, sweet Mansoor, prayer can be,  
In any place that's clean and free.  
The Prophet ﷺ once went to a friend,  
And there, a lovely message he'd send.



Mansoor:

Really, Baba? Who was that friend?

And what did the Prophet ﷺ intend?

Baba:

It was Itban bin Malik, old and wise,

His eyes were weak, he couldn't rise.

He asked the Prophet ﷺ to pray,

Inside his home—just for a day.

“To mark the place where I can bow,

And pray with ease, like I do now.”

Mansoor:

So did the Prophet ﷺ really go?

To pray at home and make it so?

Baba:

Yes, he came with love and grace,

And asked, “Where's your prayer place?”

Itban pointed, “Here is best,”

And the Prophet ﷺ led, without protest.

“Allahu Akbar,” he said aloud,

And they all stood, a tiny crowd.

Mansoor:

Just two Rak'at? That's all he prayed?

And then the blessing never swayed?

Baba:

Just two, my son, but filled with light,  
That home was special from that night.  
It shows us all a thoughtful way—  
That prayer brings peace where hearts do stay.

Mansoor:

Baba, can we do that too?  
Invite someone for prayer, just a few?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, with hearts so pure,  
Any home can feel secure.  
If we pray with love and keep it clean,  
Even a corner becomes serene.

Mansoor:

Then Baba, tomorrow, let's prepare—  
A cozy spot for prayer and care!

Baba:

That's my boy, may Allah bless,  
Your eager heart and thoughtfulness.

The Prayer Room and the Kind Reminder

Mansoor:

Baba, can someone pray at home,  
Like when the rain begins to roam?  
If the masjid's far and roads are wet,  
Can we pray where carpets are set?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, and let me say,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed a lovely way.  
A noble man, old and wise,  
With weak, dimmed, and failing eyes,  
Asked the Prophet ﷺ to come and pray—  
At his house, on a rainy day.

Mansoor:

Who was that man, Baba? Do you know?  
Did the Prophet ﷺ really go?

Baba:

Yes, his name was Itban bin Malik (RA), you see,  
A fighter of Badr, strong in loyalty.  
He said, “O Prophet ﷺ, I cannot lead,  
When floods rush fast and my people need  
A place to pray, when I can’t go—  
Please come and bless my home with glow.”

Mansoor:

Did the Prophet ﷺ accept his plea?  
And visit him with joy and glee?

Baba:

He came with Abu Bakr (RA) bright,  
One morning after sunrise light.  
He entered in with peaceful air,  
And asked, “Where shall I stand for prayer?”  
Itban pointed, humble and true,  
And the Prophet ﷺ led two Rak‘at through.

Mansoor:

Did they eat together too?  
Something special? A plate or two?

Baba:

Yes, they shared a meal that day,  
“Khazira” was what they gave away.  
Then some men spoke of someone near,  
Whose faith they doubted, out of fear.  
But the Prophet ﷺ gave a gentle sign,  
“To call him bad is not divine.  
He says La ilaha illAllah—  
For Allah’s sake, not just by law.  
And whoever says it with heart sincere,  
Will find Hellfire won’t come near.”

Mansoor:

Baba, that's kind—he gave him peace,  
Even if others judged with ease.

Baba:

Yes, my son, we must not guess,  
A heart's true worth is Allah's to assess.  
Kindness, prayer, and love so deep,  
Are gifts of faith we all should keep.

Mansoor:

Then Baba, I will never say,  
Someone's bad in any way.

Baba:

That's the spirit, pure and bright,  
May your heart shine with Allah's light.

The Right Way Is the Sunnah Way

Mansoor:

Baba, when I wore my shoes today,  
I started with the left—was that okay?

Baba:

My sweet Mansoor, it's a small thing,

But it shows the love that actions bring.  
Our Prophet ﷺ, so kind and bright,  
Loved to begin from the side that's right.

Mansoor:

From the right? Like what, Baba? Tell me more,  
Is it just for shoes—or something more?

Baba:

Much more, my son, in all he would do—  
Washing his hands or wearing a shoe,  
Combing his hair or putting on clothes,  
He'd start from the right, and everyone knows.  
It's a Sunnah so simple, a beautiful start,  
That fills our deeds with love from the heart.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I forget someday,  
And start from the left while I'm on my way?

Baba:

That's okay, Mansoor, just try again,  
Mistakes are how we learn, my friend.  
What matters most is what's inside—  
A heart that tries, with love and pride.

Mansoor:

So Baba, if I brush my hair,  
Or put on socks, I must beware—  
To start from the right, and smile too,  
Because that's what the Prophet ﷺ used to do?

Baba:  
Exactly, my son, you've learned it well,  
It's a habit that stories lovingly tell.  
And though it's small, it shines so bright,  
When you follow the Prophet ﷺ with all your might.

Mansoor:  
Then Baba, from now, I'll do my best,  
Start from the right—forget the rest!  
With my shirt, my shoes, my sleeves so tight—  
I'll begin each good deed from the right!

Baba:  
That's my boy! May Allah always guide,  
Your every step with love and pride.  
The right-hand start is a Sunnah key,  
To walk the path of piety.

## The Lesson of the Painted Walls

Mansoor:  
Baba, at school I saw a book,

With pictures of saints, so I took a look.  
Some kids were praying to pictures so tall—  
It felt strange inside, though they smiled through it all.

Baba:

Hmm, my dear Mansoor, come sit by me,  
There's a story of truth from our history.  
Once Umm Habiba and Umm Salama too,  
Told our Prophet ﷺ what they saw and knew.

Mansoor:

What did they see, Baba? Was it like that book?  
With drawings of saints and the way that they look?

Baba:

Yes, my son, in a church far away,  
They saw pictures where people would pray.  
And the Prophet ﷺ warned with care in his voice,  
That such people make a dangerous choice.

Mansoor:

But why, Baba? What's wrong with a picture or two,  
If someone was kind and did good things too?

Baba:

A good question, my boy—your heart seeks the right.  
But prayer is for Allah, day and night.



When people start honoring graves with a shrine,  
Or pray to a picture, they cross a red line.

Mansoor:

Oh! So it's like giving Allah's place away?  
To someone who can't even hear when we pray?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood well.  
These things may look nice, but the truth they can quell.  
That's why our Prophet ﷺ, so wise and so true,  
Warned us of what misguided people do.

Mansoor:

Then Baba, I'll always bow to One—  
Not statues, not people, not even the sun.  
Only to Allah, so kind and so great—  
Who made the stars, the sea, and our fate.

Baba:

That's my brave boy, strong in belief,  
With a heart full of love, and a soul beyond grief.  
When we worship Allah, without any blend,  
We walk on a path that won't ever end.

The First Mosque in Madinah

Mansoor:

Baba, our teacher showed us today  
A picture of Masjid Nabawi, bright and grey.  
He said it began with palm trees and sand—  
But how did it grow in that faraway land?

Baba:

Ah, what a lovely question, my son!  
Let me tell you how it all begun.  
When our Prophet ﷺ reached Madinah's door,  
The people came running—hearts ready to soar.

Mansoor:

Did he ride a camel through streets so wide?  
Was Abu Bakr (RA) close by his side?

Baba:

Yes, dear Mansoor, with a calm, noble face,  
He arrived on his mount with the Prophet ﷺ in place.  
The people of Najjar came with swords held high,  
Welcoming him with joy that lit the sky.

Mansoor:

Where did he stay, Baba, that blessed night?  
Did he choose a palace, big and bright?

Baba:

No palace, my son, no golden wall—  
He stayed at the house of Abu Aiyub, so small.  
He prayed where prayer would call him near,  
Even at sheep pens, without any fear.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how was the mosque then made?  
With bricks and cement and workers all paid?

Baba:

Oh no, my child, it was built by hand,  
With love and faith in that sacred land.  
The Prophet ﷺ asked for a plot one day,  
From Banu Najjar, who refused any pay.

Mansoor:

They gave the land just for Allah's sake?  
That's such a noble, generous take!

Baba:

Yes, my son, they asked for no gold—  
Their hearts were pure, their faith was bold.  
They cleared the graves, cut trees with care,  
Leveled the earth, worked hard and fair.

Mansoor:

Did the Prophet ﷺ help them too?

Or did he just tell them what to do?

Baba:

He carried stones, reciting along,  
With verses of hope and voices strong:  
“There is no good but that of the Hereafter,  
O Allah, forgive the Ansar and Muhajirun after.”

Mansoor:

SubhanAllah, Baba, what a start!  
They built with hands, but led with heart.

Baba:

Indeed, my son, from simple dust—  
They built a mosque with love and trust.  
So remember, it’s not how big or wide—  
But faith and unity that stand with pride.

### A Prayer Among the Sheep

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw a field so wide,  
With sheep and goats on every side.  
It smelled like grass and the breeze felt sweet—  
Could someone pray with sheep at their feet?

Baba:

Yes, my Mansoor, they surely can,  
Even our Prophet ﷺ, that noble man.  
Before the mosque was raised so grand,  
He prayed on fields, not marble or sand.

Mansoor:  
Really, Baba? Not in a hall?  
No roof above? No fancy wall?

Baba:  
Not at all, my son, not then—  
He prayed in sheep folds, again and again.  
Wherever the prayer time would come near,  
He faced the Qibla with peace and no fear.

Mansoor:  
But Baba, what if the sheep were loud?  
Or the ground was muddy, not soft or proud?

Baba:  
Still, he stood with humble grace,  
In any pure and open place.  
His heart was clean, his thoughts sincere—  
Allah's love made each spot dear.

Mansoor:  
Wasn't it hard with no carpet laid?

No call to prayer, no shade or shade?

Baba:

That's what makes it beautiful, son—  
He showed us prayer can be done.  
In valleys, hills, or fields so wide,  
As long as Allah is by your side.

Mansoor:

So it's not the place that makes it right?  
But praying on time, day or night?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood well—  
The Prophet ﷺ taught what words can't tell.  
He led with action, not just speech—  
Through simple moments, he'd often teach.

Mansoor:

Then Baba, next time when we go,  
To the farm where green winds blow,  
Can I pray beneath the tree—  
Like the Prophet ﷺ—so humbly and free?

Baba:

Yes, my son, with joy and delight.  
Just wash, face Qibla, and stand upright.

Because every earth is pure and wide—  
For a heart that keeps Allah inside.

## The Camel and the Prayer Line

Mansoor:

Baba, today while we prayed in the park,  
I saw a man place his bag near and dark.  
He stood before it, hands raised high—  
Why place it there? I wondered why!

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, what you saw,  
Was a Sunnah act, full of awe.  
When we pray, we place a Sutra near—  
A barrier small, to keep our space clear.

Mansoor:

A Sutra, Baba? Is it a rule?  
Or just something taught at school?

Baba:

It's from our Prophet ﷺ, pure and wise—  
A gift of guidance, not disguise.  
Once he prayed with a camel near,  
Using it as a Sutra, calm and clear.

Mansoor:

A camel, Baba? That's so neat!  
Standing in front, in the desert heat?

Baba:

Yes, my son, Ibn Umar (RA) shared,  
How the Prophet ﷺ prayed with care.  
The camel stood before his line,  
To mark the space, a sacred sign.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if someone walks by?  
Wouldn't that break the prayer tie?

Baba:

That's why a Sutra stands in place—  
To guard our prayer's sacred space.  
It could be a stick, a bag, a wall,  
Or even a post that's strong and tall.

Mansoor:

So when we pray outside one day,  
I'll find a Sutra before I pray?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the way—  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, we too obey.



With love and care, we follow his lead,  
In every step, in word and deed.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba! I've learned today,  
Even small things show the Sunnah way!

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you shine so bright—  
May your prayers always be a light.

The Eclipse and the Hellfire

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw something strange—  
The sun went dark, a sight so strange!  
People looked up, some felt the fear,  
What's happening, Baba? Why is it here?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, this is a sign,  
A moment of awe, from the Divine.  
The sun's eclipse, a rare event,  
That brings a reminder, heaven-sent.

Mansoor:

A reminder, Baba? What does it mean?

Why does the sky turn dark and lean?

Baba:

It reminds us, son, of what's to come,  
A glimpse of what waits for everyone.  
The Prophet ﷺ, with heart full of care,  
Saw a vision beyond compare.

Mansoor:

A vision, Baba? What did he see?  
Was it a dream or reality?

Baba:

He saw the Hellfire, so fierce and bright,  
A sight so scary, it filled him with fright.  
“No worse sight,” he said, “have I ever seen!”  
A warning of what might one day be.

Mansoor:

Oh, Baba, that sounds so sad and scary,  
Is there a way to stop it from being so hairy?

Baba:

Yes, my son, there's hope, don't despair,  
Through faith in Allah, and constant prayer.  
By doing good, and staying kind,  
With a pure heart, peace you'll find.

Mansoor:

So, the eclipse shows us the way—  
To fear Allah, and strive each day?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood,  
To be better Muslims, to do good.  
The eclipse is a sign, a moment of thought,  
To reflect on our deeds, and what we've sought.

Mansoor:

I'll be good, Baba, I'll try my best,  
To be kind and honest, and pass every test.

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, I'm proud of you,  
Keep your heart pure, and your faith true.  
Remember, the Prophet ﷺ taught us so,  
With love and goodness, we'll always grow.

## Praying in Our Homes

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw the neighbors pray,  
But I always thought, we should go away,  
To the mosque to pray, and stand in rows,

Is that the only way, to Allah it goes?

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you ask so wise,  
But there's more to prayer, as Allah replies.  
The Prophet ﷺ shared with us a way,  
To make our homes bright with prayer each day.

Mansoor:

You mean, we can pray at home, too?  
I thought only the mosque is where we grew.

Baba:

Indeed, my son, prayer is a gift,  
And you can pray wherever you lift  
Your hands to Allah, with heart so pure,  
But there's something special, let me be sure.

Mansoor:

What's that, Baba? Tell me more,  
About prayer and what it's for.

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said to us,  
Pray Nawafil at home, without fuss.  
Don't leave your home, and make it a grave,  
Fill it with prayer, Allah's blessings to crave.

Mansoor:

So, Nawafil prayer, we should do at home?  
That's a place we should never roam?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, your home is the place,  
For extra prayers, to seek Allah's grace.  
But make sure you don't forget the main,  
The five prayers, which are never in vain.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how much it means,  
To pray at home, and keep it clean.  
A home of worship, peaceful and bright,  
Filling it with Allah's light.

Baba:

Well said, Mansoor, I'm proud of you,  
A house full of prayers, is always true.  
Keep praying at home, and in the mosque, too,  
And Allah will bless you in all that you do.

Mansoor:

I'll pray, Baba, I'll do my part,  
With sincerity, from the heart.  
A home of worship, I'll make it so,

For Allah's blessings, to always flow.

## Remembering the Lessons of the Past

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw the travelers return,  
From the land where once fire did burn.  
They passed by a place that was once full,  
But now it's empty, so sad and dull.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you've noticed well,  
The place you speak of, is where a tale fell.  
It's where people lived, but forgot Allah's way,  
Until punishment came, on a darkened day.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did Allah send His wrath?  
What happened there? Was it their path?

Baba:

They turned from goodness, they turned from grace,  
Ignoring Allah, in their worldly chase.  
They didn't care for the rules He gave,  
So the punishment came, to make them behave.

Mansoor:

It's so sad to think of what was lost,  
Why didn't they learn, no matter the cost?

Baba:

Yes, it's sad, but the lesson is clear,  
When people forget, they live in fear.  
Allah's punishment, they could not flee,  
And the place stands silent, a warning to see.

Mansoor:

Should we go there, Baba, to see for ourselves?  
To walk the land where the punishment dwells?

Baba:

Ah, my son, there's a better way,  
To learn the lesson and make us pray.  
Do not enter the place with joy or cheer,  
If you do, weeping should be near.

Mansoor:

Weeping, Baba? What does that mean?  
Should we cry for the punishment unseen?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, we weep to understand,  
The lessons of Allah in this land.  
If you do not weep, then stay away,

For His wrath may follow, even today.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, I see the truth,  
To remember their mistakes, and protect our youth.  
We must follow the path that's right,  
And keep our hearts pure, in Allah's light.

Baba:

Well said, my son, you've learned it well,  
To remember the past, and not to dwell,  
On the punishment that came long ago,  
But to make sure we follow Allah's flow.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, with all my might,  
I'll pray and follow the truth so bright.  
Thank you, Baba, for teaching me,  
The lessons of Allah for all to see.

The Lesson from the Pictures

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw something today,  
A picture of a man who'd passed away.  
It was in a place they called a church,  
A place where some people do their search.



Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, I see you're curious,  
But some things can be quite dangerous.  
A long time ago, a story was told,  
About pictures in places of gold.

Mansoor:

Pictures, Baba? What's wrong with them?  
Why are they so bad? Please explain again.

Baba:

Well, my son, it's not just the art,  
But what people do, and where they start.  
When a pious person dies, they say,  
They build a place for him to stay.

Mansoor:

But isn't it nice to remember them,  
To honor the good with a beautiful gem?

Baba:

It seems kind, but there's a deeper truth,  
A lesson for us, even in our youth.  
When they build these places of worship, you see,  
They turn to idols, not Allah, in their plea.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, they forget the right way?  
And turn to pictures instead of the pray?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the dangerous part,  
They forget the message deep in their heart.  
Instead of worshiping Allah alone,  
They worship things they've made and known.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why does Allah care?  
About pictures, what harm is there?

Baba:

Because Allah has no partners, my dear,  
We must worship Him with love and fear.  
The pictures in places, they're just a start,  
To turning away from what's in our heart.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we should never make,  
Pictures or statues for His sake?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, that's what's true,  
Allah is one, and we must pursue,

His guidance alone, no other way,  
No images, no idols, no disarray.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, I see,  
We must worship Allah, and only He.  
Thank you for teaching me this today,  
I'll remember your words, and never stray.

Baba:

Well done, my son, you've learned so fast,  
May your faith in Allah always last.  
Remember this lesson, it's one of care,  
To worship Allah, without compare.

### The Prophet's Warning

Mansoor:

Baba, today in class, I heard,  
That when the Prophet ﷺ was near the end,  
He spoke of something that made me think,  
Something about graves, and a powerful link.

Baba:

Ah, my son, you've heard a great tale,  
The Prophet ﷺ spoke with truth so frail.  
In his final moments, with breath so short,

He warned us of something we must report.

Mansoor:

What did he warn about, Baba, tell me true,  
What should we remember, and what should we do?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ spoke with a voice so clear,  
Saying, “Beware, Muslims, of something you should fear.  
The Jews and Christians, they did a thing,  
That caused Allah’s anger to take its swing.”

Mansoor:

What did they do, Baba? What was so wrong,  
That the Prophet ﷺ spoke in such a song?

Baba:

They built places of worship on graves,  
And that, my son, Allah forbids and saves.  
They honored the graves of prophets they knew,  
Turning them into places to worship too.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, they prayed to the graves, not to Allah?  
But why would they do something like that, Baba?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's what they did,  
And it was wrong, as you'll see when you're big.  
The Prophet ﷺ warned us, so we'd be wise,  
To worship only Allah, with no compromise.

Mansoor:

So we should never turn a grave into a place,  
For worship, or to show Allah's grace?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, that's the key,  
We must worship Allah alone, and never let it be,  
That we build altars or places of prayer,  
On the graves of the righteous, unaware.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for teaching me right,  
I'll remember the Prophet's words, and keep them in sight.  
To worship Allah alone, with no other way,  
I'll honor His teachings every day.

Baba:

Well done, my son, you've learned so fast,  
May your faith in Allah always last.  
Remember, true worship is pure and true,  
And only to Allah should it ever be due.

## The Prophet's Warning

Mansoor:

Baba, I have something I want to share,  
About a lesson that shows us to be fair.  
I heard today that the Prophet ﷺ,  
Gave us a warning that we must hold dear.

Baba:

Tell me, Mansoor, what did you hear?  
I see you're eager, and your heart is clear.  
What lesson did the Prophet ﷺ teach,  
That today's generation must surely reach?

Mansoor:

It was about the Jews, Baba, you see,  
How they built worship places at graves, with glee.  
The Prophet ﷺ said it's wrong,  
For such actions lead us far from what's strong.

Baba:

Ah, yes, my son, you've understood right,  
The Prophet ﷺ warned with all his might.  
The Jews built their places at the graves of prophets,  
Turning sacred lands into places for profits.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did he curse the Jews,  
For building such places, spreading bad news?

Baba:

It's because, Mansoor, they lost their way,  
Worshiping graves, instead of Allah, day by day.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us the truth we must know,  
That worshiping Allah alone is the way we must go.

Mansoor:

So Baba, the lesson is crystal clear,  
We should only worship Allah, with no fear.  
Not graves or places that people made,  
But Allah alone, where we seek His aid.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've learned it well,  
The worship of Allah is where we must dwell.  
No graves, no idols, no pictures to see,  
Just pure devotion, to the One who is free.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for guiding me right,  
I'll always remember to stay in the light.  
Worship Allah alone, with all my heart,  
From this truth, I'll never depart.

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you've made me proud,  
Your understanding is strong, and your faith is loud.  
May Allah guide you, and keep you on track,  
As you walk the path, never looking back.

### The Grave Worship Warning

Mansoor:

Baba, I've learned something today,  
That made me think and led me to pray.  
The Prophet ﷺ warned, oh so clear,  
About something we should hold dear.

Baba:

What did you learn, my dear Mansoor?  
Tell me now, and I'll be sure,  
That you understand the Prophet's guide,  
For in his words, the truth does reside.

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ said it, Baba, so true,  
That the Jews built places of worship, too.  
They made graves into temples to pray,  
And that's not the path Allah would say.

Baba:



Ah, yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ did warn,  
Of those who strayed from the truth and were torn.  
Worshiping graves, not Allah alone,  
Is a mistake that we must not condone.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did the Prophet ﷺ say,  
That Allah's curse would fall on their way?

Baba:

It's because, Mansoor, when people stray,  
And turn their hearts in the wrong display,  
By building shrines and seeking to pray,  
At graves of Prophets, they lose their way.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we must worship only Allah,  
And follow His guidance, without any flaw?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, worship Allah with your heart,  
For He alone is the One to whom we depart.  
No shrines, no pictures, no graves to see,  
Just devotion to Allah, forever free.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, what's right and true,

We must follow the Prophet ﷺ's view.  
Worship Allah, the One who reigns,  
And from His guidance, we'll never stray again.

Baba:

MashaAllah, Mansoor, you've learned so well,  
The lesson the Prophet ﷺ did tell.  
Stay on the straight path, full of light,  
And you'll be blessed by Allah, day and night.

The Blessings Given to the Prophet ﷺ

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story today,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and the special way,  
He was blessed with gifts from Allah above,  
For his mission to spread the message of love.

Baba:

What blessings, my dear son, did he receive?  
Tell me now, I do believe,  
That you've learned something precious and bright,  
So share with me, and let's shed some light.

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ was given five things,  
No other Prophet before him had these wings!

Allah made him victorious from afar,  
With awe that stretched like the light of a star!

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ was strong,  
Allah gave him power to right the wrong.  
Now, tell me more, my curious son,  
What other gifts did Allah give the One?

Mansoor:

The earth became a place to pray,  
Wherever we are, come night or day.  
No need for a mosque, just a spot in view,  
We can pray anywhere, when the time is due!

Baba:

A great gift indeed, my son, so true,  
For it makes it easier for me and you.  
Now, tell me more of the Prophet's grace,  
What other gifts did Allah embrace?

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ was allowed to take,  
The lawful booty, for Allah's sake!  
And he was sent to all mankind,  
To guide us all, and make us kind.

Baba:

SubhanAllah, my son, that's so clear,  
The Prophet ﷺ's mission was dear.  
Now, what about the last one, you see,  
What was the final gift given to he?

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ has the right to intercede,  
On the Day of Judgment, for those in need.  
He'll plead for us, with mercy so grand,  
To help us enter the Paradise land.

Baba:

MashaAllah, my son, you've learned so well,  
The Prophet's ﷺ gifts are a story to tell.  
May we follow his path with love and care,  
And thank Allah for these blessings rare.

## The Day of the Scarf

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story so dear,  
About a girl who had nothing to fear.  
She was a slave, once in the past,  
But her faith in Allah made her free at last.

Baba:

Tell me more, my son, I'm all ears,  
What happened to this girl, with courage and tears?

Mansoor:

She was falsely accused, Baba, of a crime,  
For something she did not do, not even in time.  
A red scarf fell from a girl, so bright,  
A kite saw it, thinking it was meat in flight.

Baba:

SubhanAllah! A kite, you say?  
That sounds like a story from the skies today!  
So, they blamed her for the loss of that scarf,  
But Allah's wisdom would show them how far.

Mansoor:

Yes, Baba! The people searched, oh so wide,  
But found no trace of the scarf, they cried.  
They accused her, and in their eyes,  
She became guilty without any ties.

Baba:

How painful it must've been for her,  
To be blamed unjustly, and all that stir.  
But did Allah show her His mercy and grace,  
Did He bring her justice in that place?

Mansoor:

Allah did, Baba, in a wondrous way,  
The same kite returned that very day.  
It dropped the scarf where it once had flown,  
And the truth was clear to be shown.

Baba:

Allahu Akbar! What a sign from above,  
That Allah protected her with His love.  
Now, tell me, my son, what did she do?  
Did she stay with the people, or leave them too?

Mansoor:

She embraced Islam, Baba, with a heart so pure,  
And lived in a room by the mosque, for sure.  
She would recite a verse, over and over again,  
"The day of the scarf, Allah's power did reign."

Baba:

SubhanAllah, she found peace in faith,  
For Allah's help comes at the right place.  
Mansoor, always remember this story so true,  
No matter the hardship, Allah will guide you.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, I will never forget,  
The lessons of patience, and Allah's great set.

For truth will always shine bright in the end,  
And Allah's mercy, we'll always depend.

## The Mosque of Peace

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a story so bright,  
About Abdullah bin Umar, who did right.  
He was young and unmarried, just like me,  
But listen to his story, Baba, you'll see!

Baba:

Go ahead, my son, I'm all ears,  
Tell me the story, so it clears my fears.

Mansoor:

Abdullah used to sleep, Baba, so wise,  
In the mosque of the Prophet, under the skies.  
When he was young, he'd stay there at night,  
A peaceful place, with no worries in sight.

Baba:

SubhanAllah! What a special place to be,  
In the mosque, near the Prophet ﷺ, so free.  
But, Mansoor, why did he stay there alone?  
Wasn't it odd to sleep on his own?

Mansoor:

He chose the mosque, Baba, so pure,  
To be close to Allah, his heart to ensure.  
No distractions or noise, just peace and prayer,  
He found solace in worship, with Allah's care.

Baba:

What a beautiful story, my dear son,  
To be so close to Allah, feeling as one.  
But tell me, Mansoor, what do we learn,  
From Abdullah's story, for which we yearn?

Mansoor:

We learn, Baba, that peace is found,  
In the mosque, where worship does resound.  
It's a place of comfort, free from strife,  
A place where Allah gives guidance for life.

Baba:

Indeed, Mansoor, you're right, my child,  
The mosque is a place where hearts are wild,  
With love for Allah, and peace in the soul,  
It guides us, nurtures us, makes us whole.

Mansoor:

I want to be like Abdullah, Baba, you see,  
To pray in the mosque and live peacefully.



With love for Allah, my heart will grow,  
In the mosque, where blessings flow.

Baba:

May Allah grant you, my son, this peace,  
May your love for Him never cease.  
And always remember, with faith so strong,  
The mosque will guide you all along.

The Father of Dust

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story so true,  
About Ali and Fatimah, it's for me and you.  
One day, the Prophet ﷺ went to see,  
Fatimah's house, but Ali wasn't there, you see.

Baba:

Tell me, my son, what happened that day?  
Where did Ali go, and why did he stray?

Mansoor:

Fatimah said, "He was upset, you know,  
We had a small argument, and he had to go."  
Ali was angry and left the house,  
He didn't sleep, not even a single drowse.

Baba:

What a story, my son, so sad,  
But did Ali stay angry and feel so bad?

Mansoor:

No, Baba, listen to what happened next,  
The Prophet ﷺ was concerned, and perplexed.  
He asked someone to find Ali that day,  
To see where he had gone, and why he'd stray.

Baba:

And did they find him? What did they say?

Mansoor:

Yes, Baba, they found him, lying in the mosque,  
Covered in dust, as if he'd been lost.  
His cover had fallen, and the dust was so much,  
But the Prophet ﷺ came and touched him with love's  
touch.

Baba:

What did the Prophet ﷺ say to him, son?  
Was Ali sad, or was it all done?

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ smiled and spoke with grace,  
"Get up, O Aba Turab, from this place."

"Aba Turab" means "Father of Dust," he said,  
A nickname of kindness, when Ali was led.

Baba:

How beautiful, my dear Mansoor,  
The Prophet ﷺ's love is so pure.  
He didn't scold Ali, but lifted him high,  
A lesson in kindness, to never ask why.

Mansoor:

Yes, Baba, the lesson is clear,  
Even when angry, we must hold dear,  
To love and forgive, with hearts full of care,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, who was always fair.

Baba:

You are right, my son, remember this well,  
Forgiveness and love in our hearts must dwell.  
Even in times when we feel upset,  
We must choose kindness, and not forget.

The Humble Men of As-Suffa

Mansoor:

Baba, can I tell you about something I've learned,  
A story of the men whose hearts brightly burned.  
They were from As-Suffa, a group so pure,

Their lives full of sacrifice, their faith secure.

Baba:

Of course, my son, tell me what you know,  
I'm always here to learn and grow.

Mansoor:

They didn't have much, Baba, they lived so humbly,  
Not even a cloak to cover them fully.  
They had only Izars, tied with their hands,  
And sheets that were gathered to meet their needs and stand.

Baba:

That sounds difficult, my son, how could they endure,  
With nothing to wear, yet their faith so sure?

Mansoor:

Yes, Baba, but their hearts were so strong,  
They loved Allah and His Prophet ﷺ all along.  
Though they lacked in wealth and in clothing so neat,  
Their souls were rich with kindness and defeat.

Baba:

And what did they do, these men of faith,  
To endure the hardships, with courage so great?

Mansoor:

They would gather in the mosque to learn,  
And study the teachings for which they yearned.  
Though they had little, they gave what they could,  
Their hearts filled with goodness, as all should.

Baba:

It sounds like they didn't complain or feel low,  
Their faith was their treasure, their hearts all aglow.

Mansoor:

Yes, Baba, and from them, we can learn,  
That wealth isn't all, but the love we return.  
They didn't have clothes that were shiny or bright,  
But their deeds and their prayers shone with light.

Baba:

What a beautiful lesson, my dear little one,  
That true richness lies in what is done.  
Their hearts were their garments, their actions their  
wealth,  
This is the lesson we must learn for our health.

Mansoor:

Indeed, Baba, it's clear now to see,  
That the wealth of the soul is the truest to be.  
The men of As-Suffa lived simply, yet bold,

Their love for Allah was worth more than gold.

## The Prophet's Generosity

Mansoor:

Baba, do you know the story of a man,  
Who came to the Prophet ﷺ, just as he began?  
He was owed some money, and the Prophet knew,  
What was right, and he paid him what was due.

Baba:

I've heard of the Prophet ﷺ, my son,  
A man of kindness, always second to none.  
But tell me more, what did he do next?  
How did he show generosity, so perfect?

Mansoor:

Jabir was the man, Baba, so true,  
He had a debt, and the Prophet ﷺ knew.  
Not only did he repay the full due,  
But more than expected, he gave Jabir too!

Baba:

How wonderful! That's a lesson, indeed,  
To always give more, to meet others' need.  
But why, Mansoor, would the Prophet ﷺ do so?  
What does this kindness and generosity show?

Mansoor:

It shows, Baba, that we must be kind,  
And always give more than we have in mind.  
The Prophet ﷺ never hesitated to share,  
Even when he had little, he always cared.

Baba:

But, Mansoor, what does this teach us today?  
How can we follow in the Prophet's way?

Mansoor:

We should repay others with kindness and grace,  
And give even more, at our own pace.  
Like Jabir, we might not always expect,  
But kindness in our hearts, we should reflect.

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's truly the key,  
To always give more, and show generosity.  
The Prophet ﷺ was a model for us all,  
To love and give, both big and small.

Mansoor:

So Baba, from now on, I'll give with my heart,  
Not just what's owed, but a generous start.  
I'll share my toys, my food, and my time,

And give with a smile, as a gesture so kind.

## The Two Rakat Before Sitting

Mansoor:

Baba, today, I learned something new,  
A beautiful teaching that I'll share with you.  
When we enter a mosque, what should we do first?  
Should we sit down or wait for a thirst?

Baba:

Ah, I think I know, but tell me, my son,  
What is the teaching that you've just begun?

Mansoor:

It's something simple, yet full of grace,  
Before we sit, we pray in the holy place.  
Two Rakat we pray, before we rest,  
It's what the Prophet ﷺ taught is best.

Baba:

That's right, my son! The Prophet ﷺ said,  
To pray two Rakat before sitting in the stead.  
It's a way to show respect to Allah,  
And make our hearts pure, with love for the law.

Mansoor:



But Baba, why do we pray before we sit?  
What's the wisdom in this beautiful bit?

Baba:

When we enter the mosque, it's a special space,  
A place of peace, where we seek Allah's grace.  
By praying first, we show our love,  
For the mosque, the prayer, and Allah above.

Mansoor:

So, by praying those two Rakat, we begin,  
A moment of peace, before we settle in.  
It helps us focus, it makes our hearts bright,  
And brings us closer to Allah's light.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's the way we should be,  
Always mindful of Allah, as you can see.  
So, every time we enter a mosque to pray,  
Let's remember to do the two Rakat each day.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, and I'll do it with joy,  
Following the Prophet's ﷺ way, oh boy!  
With love in my heart and peace in my soul,  
I'll pray before sitting, and feel whole.

## The Angels' Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I was told something beautiful today,  
Something about angels that I want to say.  
It's about prayers and how they're so sweet,  
When we sit in prayer, the angels repeat.

Baba:

What did you hear, my son, do tell me more?  
I love to hear what you learn at your core.

Mansoor:

I heard that while we're in prayer,  
The angels ask Allah, with love and care,  
To forgive us and be merciful too,  
As long as we're sitting, in worship true.

Baba:

Ah, yes, that's a beautiful teaching indeed,  
The angels make du'a for us, in our need.  
They say, "O Allah, forgive him, be kind,  
Show mercy, and peace, for his heart you will find."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, when we sit to pray,  
The angels keep asking, day by day?

To forgive us and grant us His grace,  
As long as we're in our prayer place?

Baba:

That's exactly right, my son, so true,  
As long as you stay, and your heart is new.  
The angels surround you, with blessings so bright,  
As long as you're in prayer, they ask for your light.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what happens if I move or leave,  
What if something happens that I can't achieve?

Baba:

Ah, my dear, if you break your wudu,  
The angels stop asking, as you know too.  
But don't worry, my son, it's all part of the plan,  
You can always renew and be a strong man.

Mansoor:

So as long as I'm sitting, and praying with care,  
The angels will ask for Allah's mercy there?  
I'll make sure to sit and pray with devotion,  
So the angels' du'a can be my emotion.

Baba:

Yes, my dear, keep your heart pure and bright,

Let the angels' prayers guide you, day and night.  
When we pray with sincerity, love, and peace,  
The angels' mercy will never cease.

## The Mosque's Legacy

Mansoor:

Baba, I was thinking about the mosque, so grand,  
How did it begin, in that desert land?  
I know it's a place where we gather to pray,  
But what was it like back in the olden day?

Baba:

Ah, my son, the mosque has a beautiful past,  
It started humbly, yet it will last.  
In the time of the Prophet ﷺ, it was small,  
Made of clay bricks, not grand at all.

Its roof was made of date leaves so fine,  
And palm tree trunks as pillars, in line.  
It was simple, my son, but full of grace,  
A place for worship, a sacred space.

Mansoor:

So the mosque wasn't always so wide?  
It was smaller, with nothing to hide?  
But Baba, what happened after that time?

How did the mosque grow, and shine?

Baba:

When Abu Bakr became the leader, so wise,  
He didn't change much, he kept it the same size.  
But when Umar came, he made it expand,  
Still using palm leaves, just as planned.

Then came Uthman, with vision so clear,  
He built it large, with walls strong and dear.  
Stone and wood, with carvings so neat,  
A mosque that reflected beauty so sweet.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did Uthman's work teach?  
That we should always strive and reach?  
For something better, something more?  
But still remember what came before?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's the lesson true,  
To honor the past, but also pursue,  
A future that's bright, with faith and care,  
Just like the mosque, with beauty to share.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's clear to me,

The mosque grew with love and unity.  
It started small, but grew with grace,  
A reflection of our faith in this blessed place.

Baba:

That's right, my son, and remember this too,  
The mosque is a home for both me and you.  
It's where we pray, it's where we grow,  
A place for peace, where Allah's light will glow.

### The Strength of Ammar's Faith

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me a story, one that's bright,  
About the Prophet ﷺ, and his guiding light.  
Who helped him build the mosque, so strong?  
Who carried bricks all day long?

Baba:

Ah, my son, that's a great question you ask,  
Come, listen closely to this noble task.  
The Prophet ﷺ, with his companions so dear,  
Built a mosque with love, year after year.

Among them was Ammar, a man so strong,  
He carried two bricks while others carried one all along.  
He worked with his heart full of faith, so pure,

But his dedication was tested, that's for sure.

Mansoor:

Baba, did Ammar feel tired or weak?  
Carrying two bricks, was that what he'd seek?  
How did he manage, was he not afraid,  
To work so hard, in the sun's hot shade?

Baba:

He worked with strength, though tired he grew,  
For his love for Allah was steadfast and true.  
The Prophet ﷺ saw him, with dust on his face,  
He brushed it off gently, with so much grace.

"May Allah have mercy on Ammar," he said,  
And told of a future, where he'd be led.  
"To Paradise, he will call his foes,  
But they will try to pull him down to woes."

Mansoor:

Baba, that sounds so sad, but what does it mean?  
Why would they harm him, when his heart was clean?  
Why would his enemies be so unfair,  
When he worked so hard, with so much care?

Baba:

My son, it's a test of faith, you see,

Sometimes good hearts face cruelty.  
Ammar's love for Allah remained unshaken,  
Even when the world seemed mistaken.

Ammar said, "I seek refuge with Allah,  
From any harm, from any flaw."  
His faith was strong, his heart so pure,  
And through all trials, he found a cure.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, what a lesson to learn,  
That in faith and patience, we should always turn.  
Like Ammar, we should stand tall,  
With Allah's help, we can overcome it all.

Baba:

Yes, my son, and remember, too,  
That when you face trials, as you will do,  
Call upon Allah, and seek His aid,  
For with patience, your faith will be made.

The Carpenter and the Prophet's Pulpit

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a question, one that's on my mind,  
About the Prophet ﷺ, and what he did to find,  
A place to sit when he spoke to the crowd,



How did he teach with words so proud?

Baba:

Ah, my son, a thoughtful question indeed,  
Let me tell you a story that you'll surely heed.  
The Prophet ﷺ, so wise and true,  
Had a great mission to guide me and you.

He needed a pulpit, a place to stand,  
To speak to the people across the land.  
So, he asked a woman, a simple request,  
To send for a carpenter, who would do his best.

Mansoor:

What is a pulpit, Baba, what's it for?  
Why did the Prophet ﷺ need it so much more?

Baba:

A pulpit is a platform, where one can stand,  
To speak to others and guide the land.  
When the Prophet ﷺ spoke, people would hear,  
His words of wisdom, so sincere.

He asked the carpenter to make it with care,  
So that his message could be shared everywhere.  
It was a simple task, yet so full of grace,  
To ensure the people could see his face.

Mansoor:

That's amazing, Baba, what a simple request,  
The Prophet ﷺ knew what was best.  
He didn't ask for riches or gold,  
But for a pulpit, humble yet bold.

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ was wise,  
He taught us humility, to be kind and rise.  
Even in leadership, he showed the way,  
By being humble, every single day.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we too should be humble and kind,  
And seek to help others, with peace in our mind?  
Even when we lead, we must remember,  
To stay humble, just like the Prophet, forever.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood it right,  
Humility shines brighter than any might.  
So, follow the example of the Prophet ﷺ,  
In your actions, in your words, and in your heart's hymn.

The Pulpit Built with Kindness

Mansoor:

Baba, I have a story in my mind,  
Of the Prophet ﷺ, and how he was kind.  
I heard that a woman once came with care,  
To offer the Prophet ﷺ a seat to share.

Baba:

Ah, yes, my son, I know this tale,  
A story of kindness, without fail.  
A woman came to the Prophet ﷺ one day,  
With a generous offer in her own way.

She had a carpenter, a slave to guide,  
And asked, "Shall I build you a pulpit, with pride?"  
The Prophet ﷺ smiled, with kindness so pure,  
And said, "Yes, if you like, I'm sure."

Mansoor:

So, she built the pulpit for him to stand,  
A place to speak, to guide the land.  
Was the Prophet ﷺ happy, Baba, do you think?  
Did he thank her for this kind link?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ was pleased,  
By the kindness and the help she seized.  
For it wasn't the pulpit that mattered most,

But the act of giving, like a gentle host.

The Prophet ﷺ didn't ask for much,  
But he accepted the gift with a loving touch.  
This teaches us a lesson, so clear and bright,  
That kindness is the key to doing what's right.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's not always about what we own,  
But how we give, how love is shown?  
Even a small gift, like a pulpit so new,  
Can bring us closer to Allah too?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood so well,  
It's the kindness we show, and the love we tell.  
So, when you give, whether big or small,  
Remember, it's the heart that matters most of all.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, I will always be kind,  
And share with others, with an open mind.  
Thank you for teaching me this today,  
I'll follow the Prophet's ﷺ gentle way.

A Mosque for Allah's Pleasure

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story that's quite grand,  
Of Uthman, who took a noble stand.  
He wanted to build a mosque for prayer,  
But some people questioned him, unaware.

Baba:

Yes, my son, I know this tale well,  
It teaches a lesson, as I'll tell.  
Uthman, with a heart full of care,  
Decided to build a mosque for all to share.

But when people argued and raised their voice,  
Uthman reminded them of a noble choice.  
He said, "I heard the Prophet ﷺ say,  
Whoever builds a mosque in Allah's way,  
Allah will build for them, without delay,  
A place in Paradise, where they'll stay."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, Uthman's heart was pure,  
He built the mosque, his faith was sure.  
And Allah, pleased by his good deed,  
Promised him a reward, indeed.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, Uthman knew,

That building a mosque brings blessings too.  
It's not about the stones or the wood,  
It's the intention, to do what's good.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, when we do something kind,  
It's not just the action we must find.  
It's the intention, the heart behind,  
That earns Allah's pleasure, pure and kind.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you've understood it right,  
Intention is what guides our light.  
When we build, help, or share with care,  
Allah rewards us, beyond compare.

So, remember this lesson as you grow,  
Doing good deeds for Allah to show.  
And when you give, or build, or pray,  
Do it with love, in Allah's way.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for this advice,  
I'll follow the path that's clear and nice.  
I'll always strive to do my best,  
To please Allah, and pass the test.

## The Arrows and the Prophet's Advice

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story today,  
Of something that the Prophet did say.  
A man with arrows, passing by,  
In the mosque, his arrows held high.

Baba:

Yes, my son, I know this tale,  
It's a lesson that will never fail.  
The man, as he walked through the space,  
Held the arrows in an improper place.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did the Prophet do?  
What was the lesson for him too?  
He must've been worried or upset,  
To correct the man with no regret.

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, kind and wise,  
Saw the man with arrows in his sight.  
He said, "Hold them by their heads, my friend,  
For safety and respect, this will send."

Mansoor:

Why should the arrows be held that way?  
What harm could they do, I wonder, I say.

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ taught with care,  
He wanted us to be aware.  
Arrows can hurt when not held right,  
They're dangerous, even in plain sight.

By holding them by their heads, we show,  
We're mindful of safety, wherever we go.  
It's not just about what we do,  
But how we do it, with kindness too.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's the little things that count,  
Like holding things safely, without a doubt.  
Even arrows can teach us right,  
To be respectful and kind in sight.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've got it clear,  
In everything, be mindful, my dear.  
It's not just big actions that we take,  
But small choices that help us make,

A world that's kind, safe, and true,



Where we follow the teachings too.  
So remember, son, as you grow,  
Safety and respect in all you show.

Mansoor:

Thank you, Baba, for the wisdom shared,  
I'll hold my arrows—and actions—prepared!  
To be kind, safe, and always right,  
And follow the Prophet's guiding light.

### The Arrows and the Safety of Others

Mansoor:

Baba, I was just thinking today,  
What happens if arrows come our way?  
I heard a story from the past,  
About arrows, safety, and being kind at last.

Baba:

Ah, my son, you've asked a good question,  
One that brings us an important lesson.  
The Prophet ﷺ, wise and true,  
Taught us something we should all do.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ say, Baba?  
Was it about the arrows that pass our way?

I'm curious, please do tell,  
So I can understand it very well.

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said it clear,  
That when arrows are near,  
Whether in markets or mosques we walk,  
We must hold them safely, that's the talk.

Mansoor:

Why, Baba, must we hold them right?  
Isn't it okay to carry them in sight?

Baba:

It's all about care, my dear Mansoor,  
So that no one gets hurt, of that I'm sure.  
If the arrows are held by their heads,  
No one will get harmed, and no one will dread.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's about being kind,  
Not hurting others, and keeping that in mind?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood it well,  
We protect others in the mosque or the market where we  
dwell.

The Prophet ﷺ taught us with love,  
To care for each other as we move,  
To avoid harm and show respect,  
In every action, we must reflect.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I'll always keep in mind,  
That kindness and care are how we should bind,  
Our hearts together in every place,  
Respecting others and making space.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, Mansoor, for learning today,  
To follow the Prophet's ﷺ wise way.  
In everything we do, remember this too:  
Kindness, care, and respect—always true.

## The Power of Words and the Help of Allah

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story, quite inspiring too,  
About Hassan, a poet, and the Prophet ﷺ, it's true.  
He spoke in defense of the Prophet's name,  
And Allah's help was with him, guiding him to fame.

Baba:

Ah, my son, you are right, indeed,

Hassan bin Thabit was a poet in need.  
The Prophet ﷺ called upon him to speak,  
To protect his message, so pure and unique.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, did Hassan reply,  
When the Prophet ﷺ called out from the sky?  
Did he answer with courage and grace?  
What was the help that Allah gave in that place?

Baba:

Yes, my dear Mansoor, it's true and clear,  
The Prophet ﷺ called, and Hassan did hear.  
He said, "O Hassan, speak in defense,  
For Allah's help will give you strength and sense."

Mansoor:

What did Hassan say, Baba, please tell,  
How did he respond, and what story did he tell?

Baba:

Hassan, with faith and courage bright,  
Answered with words that were full of light.  
He spoke for the Prophet ﷺ, defending with might,  
And Allah sent help, as a guiding light.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba, that's amazing, you see,  
How the Prophet ﷺ prayed for Hassan's victory.  
So, Allah helped him with the Holy Spirit's aid,  
Making sure his words would never fade.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, the words were so true,  
Allah's help was with him, shining through.  
It shows us the power of a faithful heart,  
That when we speak with faith, we play our part.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, whenever we speak or stand,  
We should do so with faith, and trust Allah's hand?

Baba:

Yes, my dear Mansoor, you've learned it well,  
Speak with truth, and let your words swell,  
For when we defend what's right and true,  
Allah's help is with us, guiding through.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, and I will try,  
To speak with honesty, and always rely,  
On Allah's help, as I walk each day,  
With courage and faith, in every way.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, my son, for what you've learned,  
To trust in Allah, for help is always returned.  
Now go forth, and speak with grace,  
For Allah's guidance will light your face.

## The Prophet's Kindness and the Joy of Watching

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story so kind,  
About the Prophet ﷺ, and how he'd find,  
Ways to care for those around him,  
And make sure others felt joy within.

Baba:

Ah, my son, you are right, you see,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed kindness with humility.  
There's a story of Aisha, so sweet and clear,  
Of how the Prophet ﷺ showed love, my dear.

Mansoor:

What did he do, Baba, tell me more,  
How did the Prophet ﷺ show love at the door?  
Was he kind to others, as he always was?  
What did Aisha see? What was the cause?

Baba:

One day, Aisha saw, with her own eyes,  
The Prophet ﷺ at the door, under the skies.  
Ethiopians were playing, with spears in hand,  
Showing their skill, as part of their land.

Mansoor:

How exciting, Baba, I can see it now,  
The spears flying in the air, so high, wow!  
But what did the Prophet ﷺ do, I wonder?  
Did he join in or just stand there, under?

Baba:

No, my son, the Prophet ﷺ was so wise,  
He didn't join in, but he did realize,  
That Aisha wanted to watch, and be part of the fun,  
So he shielded her, in the setting sun.

Mansoor:

He shielded her? How did he do that, Baba?  
What did he do to help Aisha?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ stood in front of her with care,  
Holding his Rida, so she could see and stare.  
He made sure she was safe, and could enjoy,  
The display of skill, bringing her joy.

Mansoor:

How thoughtful of the Prophet ﷺ, Baba, so kind!  
He cared for Aisha's happiness, in his heart and mind.  
So, Baba, it shows us something clear,  
To care for others, and bring them cheer.

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ taught us well,  
To help others smile, and let kindness swell.  
Whether big or small, we can always share,  
A little love, with kindness and care.

Mansoor:

I will remember this, Baba, always in my heart,  
To show kindness and love, and play my part.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, in all that we do,  
We can bring joy and peace, to others too.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, my son, for what you've learned,  
To be kind and loving, for that you'll be returned.  
May your heart always be full of grace,  
And may kindness shine in every place.

The Prophet's Care and the Joy of Watching

Mansoor:



Baba, I heard a story so grand,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and the joy in the land.  
I heard Aisha saw something so bright,  
Ethiopians playing, with spears in sight.

Baba:

Yes, my son, it's a story of care,  
A moment where the Prophet ﷺ showed love so fair.  
Aisha, our mother, saw the fun they had,  
But the Prophet ﷺ's kindness made her glad.

Mansoor:

What did he do, Baba? Tell me more,  
How did the Prophet ﷺ care, I'm sure!  
Was it a game, or a show, or a dance?  
How did he make sure they had a chance?

Baba:

It wasn't a game, nor a dance so grand,  
The Ethiopians showed their skills with spears in hand.  
But the Prophet ﷺ, with love and grace,  
Protected Aisha, so she could see the place.

Mansoor:

He protected her? How, Baba, did he care?  
Did he stop them from playing, or just stand there?  
How did he help Aisha see the fun,

Without causing harm to anyone?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ stood by Aisha's side,  
And with his Rida, he covered her wide.  
He shielded her view, so she could see,  
The spearmen display their skill with glee.

Mansoor:

How kind, Baba! He made sure she could play,  
By watching the game in a safe, loving way.  
So, Baba, what can we learn from this tale,  
To be kind and loving, without fail?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ showed us well,  
To be thoughtful and kind, in the stories we tell.  
Sometimes, a small act can mean so much,  
A kind word, a shield, a gentle touch.

Mansoor:

I'll remember this lesson, Baba, so true,  
To care for others, in all that I do.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, kind and bright,  
I'll spread love and joy, and do what's right.

Baba:

I'm proud of you, my son, for what you've learned,  
To show kindness and love, it will always be returned.  
May your heart be full of joy and care,  
And may kindness shine, everywhere.

### The Promise in the Book of Allah

Mansoor:

Baba, today in our class we spoke,  
About a lady who broke her yoke.  
She was a slave but wished to be free,  
And someone helped her—so kindly!

Baba:

Ah, that was Barira, brave and strong,  
She longed for freedom after so long.  
But her masters said, "We'll set her free,  
Only if the reward comes back to we."

Mansoor:

What reward, Baba? That sounds not right,  
If you set someone free, shouldn't it be light?

Baba:

That reward is Al-Wala, my dear,  
The care and bond to someone near.  
When you free a soul from chain and rope,

The tie of trust is yours to hope.

Mansoor:

So Barira's helpers paid the gold,  
But her masters wanted the future to hold?

Baba:

Yes, Aisha, our mother kind and fair,  
Said, "I'll help you, Barira, with care."  
But she asked for Al-Wala in return—  
A right that helpers alone should earn.

Mansoor:

Then what did our Prophet, peace be upon him, say?  
Did he show them a better way?

Baba:

Indeed, he stood where all could hear,  
And made Allah's message very clear:  
"Some people make rules not found in the Book,  
But Allah's laws are where we should look."

Mansoor:

So only the rules in the Qur'an stay true?  
And others—even many—won't do?

Baba:

That's right, my son, only truth remains,  
In Allah's Book—free from chains.  
Even if someone says it again and again,  
If it's not in the Book, it won't remain.

Mansoor:

Baba, I've learned what's fair and right,  
Helping others should bring pure light.  
Not for reward or secret claim—  
But to free a soul, not play a game.

Baba:

That's my boy, with heart so wide,  
Always walk on truth's clear side.  
Freeing someone is a noble deed,  
With no hidden plan, no trace of greed.

### A Loud Voice in the Mosque

Mansoor:

Baba, in the masjid I saw today,  
Two men talking in a heated way.  
One was asking, "Please give me back!"  
The other said, "But my money I lack!"

Baba:

Ah, this reminds me of a story true,

From the time when the Prophet ﷺ walked through.  
There was a man named Ka'b, you see,  
And someone else who owed him a fee.

Mansoor:

Did they argue too, like the men I saw?  
Isn't the mosque a place for awe?

Baba:

Yes, Ka'b asked for his money clear,  
And their voices rose for all to hear.  
The Prophet ﷺ heard them from his home nearby,  
And came out gently, lifting the curtain high.

Mansoor:

What did he say when he came to the door?  
Did he stop the fight or say something more?

Baba:

He called, "O Ka'b!" with a voice so kind,  
And Ka'b replied, "Labaik!" in a respectful mind.  
Then the Prophet ﷺ said with a peaceful tone,  
"Cut the debt in half, let mercy be shown."

Mansoor:

Wow! He didn't scold or frown that day,  
He used soft words to clear the way.

Baba:

That's right, my son, he taught us then,  
To solve things gently again and again.  
Ka'b agreed with a smiling face,  
And forgave the rest with so much grace.

Mansoor:

And the other man—did he still owe?  
Or did the Prophet ﷺ let him go?

Baba:

He turned to him and softly said,  
“Now rise and pay your share of debt.”  
A lesson so deep in this tale we find—  
Be fair, be just, and always kind.

Mansoor:

Baba, next time I see friends fight,  
I'll speak with calm and do what's right.  
I'll help them share, forgive a part,  
And solve the quarrel with a caring heart.

Baba:

That's my Mansoor, strong and wise—  
A helper under Allah's skies.  
Always remember, wherever you go,

Kindness and justice help goodness grow.

## The Silent Helper

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw an aunty today,  
Who sweeps the mosque in her quiet way.  
No one claps or even sees,  
But she keeps it clean with love and ease.

Baba:

Mansoor, that brings to mind a tale,  
Of someone humble, quiet, and frail.  
A black woman who swept each day,  
Keeping the Prophet's صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم mosque that way.

Mansoor:

Was she thanked or praised out loud?  
Or called to stand before the crowd?

Baba:

No, my dear, she stayed unknown,  
But her heart was bright, her love was shown.  
One day she passed—without a sound,  
No big farewell, no people around.

Mansoor:



Oh no, Baba! Did the Prophet ﷺ know?  
Did he miss her when she didn't show?

Baba:

Yes, he asked, “Where is she now?”  
They said she died, but told him how  
They thought it small to share her end—  
She was, they thought, no special friend.

Mansoor:

But Baba, that doesn't feel right...  
She cleaned the mosque from morn to night!

Baba:

Exactly, son! Our Prophet ﷺ said,  
“Why not tell me?” with a heart so red.  
Then he walked to her grave, so deep,  
And prayed for her where she did sleep.

Mansoor:

He honored her, even after she died...  
He saw the work that others denied.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, no deed is small,  
When done for Allah—it means it all.  
Even sweeping can shine so bright,

When done in secret for Allah's light.

Mansoor:

So Baba, if I help and no one sees,  
Still Allah knows—and that will please?

Baba:

That's the truth, my thoughtful boy,  
Real reward brings lasting joy.  
Work with love and don't demand fame,  
For Allah alone—your heart aflame.

What Baba Taught Me About Clean Choices

Mansoor:

Baba, my friend had a fizzy drink—  
He offered some, but it made me think.  
It smelled so strange, not like our tea...  
Is it okay? Or not for me?

Baba:

Hmm, Mansoor, I'm glad you asked,  
To choose what's right is a noble task.  
Let me share a moment true,  
From our Prophet's ﷺ life for you.

Mansoor:

Tell me, Baba! I love your tales—  
The ones where kindness never fails!

Baba:

One day, verses were sent from the skies,  
In Surah Al-Baqarah, clear and wise.  
Allah revealed that riba is wrong—  
Taking unfair gain doesn't belong.

Mansoor:

What's riba, Baba? Can you explain?  
Is it like cheating for selfish gain?

Baba:

Exactly, son, when the poor must pay  
More than they borrowed—it's not okay.  
When those verses came, the Prophet ﷺ stood,  
In the mosque, where all understood.

Mansoor:

And then, Baba? What did he say?  
Did the people stop that very day?

Baba:

He taught them gently, heart and mind,  
To leave what's harmful, be just and kind.  
He also banned things that cloud the brain,

Like alcohol—that causes pain.

Mansoor:

So fizzy drinks with wrong inside,  
Aren't treats we should ever hide?

Baba:

If they harm your heart or thought,  
Or go against what Islam has taught,  
Then say no kindly, walk away—  
Allah rewards the ones who stay.

Mansoor:

I'm glad I asked, Baba, today—  
Now I know the better way.  
I'll choose what's pure, leave what's bad,  
And that, Baba, makes me glad!

Baba:

That's my boy, so wise and bright,  
Choosing always what is right.  
Clean hearts bring a peaceful end,  
And Allah becomes your closest Friend.

The Quiet Hero of the Masjid

Mansoor:

Baba, today at the mosque I saw,  
An uncle picking up trash near the wall.  
No one thanked him, though he did so much...  
Does Allah see these quiet touch?

Baba:  
Oh yes, my son, Allah surely sees  
Even the rustle of falling leaves.  
Let me tell you a story true,  
Of someone kind and humble too.

Mansoor:  
Was it a big hero? A man with might?  
Or someone small, out of sight?

Baba:  
She was a woman, not known by name,  
But in Allah's eyes, she earned great fame.  
She cleaned the mosque with love each day,  
Her heart in service, never for display.

Mansoor:  
Wow, Baba! What happened to her?  
Did the Prophet ﷺ know who they were?

Baba:  
One day she passed, and no one said,

They quietly buried her when she was dead.  
When the Prophet ﷺ found out that day,  
He gently asked, “Why didn’t you say?”

Mansoor:

Oh no, Baba! What did he do?  
Did he forget her? Or honor her too?

Baba:

He walked to her grave, with care and prayer,  
And stood before it with love so rare.  
He made du’a, a noble sign,  
That serving Allah brings reward divine.

Mansoor:

Even sweeping brings Allah near?  
Even if no one else may cheer?

Baba:

Exactly, son, each little deed,  
Counts in Allah’s Book—He knows each need.  
So be like her, so kind and true,  
Do quiet good no one may view.

Mansoor:

I’ll help clean the prayer hall too,  
Even if no one says thank you.

Because Allah sees and loves the best—  
The ones who serve, with humble zest!

Baba:  
That's my Mansoor, pure and wise,  
With Jannah goals before his eyes.

### The Night the Jinn Came Close

Mansoor:  
Baba, today I had a scare—  
I thought I saw something in the air!  
A shadow moved behind the tree...  
Could it be a jinn chasing me?

Baba:  
Jinns are real, my little one,  
But don't be scared, don't try to run.  
Let me share what happened one night,  
To the Prophet ﷺ—our guiding light.

Mansoor:  
To the Prophet? Was he scared too?  
What did he say? What did he do?

Baba:  
He was praying so calm and deep,

When a powerful jinn began to creep.  
An afreet—a demon—big and bold,  
Tried to stop him, daring and cold.

Mansoor:

Oh no! Did it hurt him, Baba dear?  
Or was the Prophet ﷺ full of fear?

Baba:

Not a bit, my brave young knight,  
He stood firm in Allah's might.  
He caught the jinn—yes, with his hand,  
And made him weak, unable to stand.

Mansoor:

Did he show the jinn to all around?  
Did he tie him up and make a sound?

Baba:

He thought to tie him near a pole,  
So people would see and know the whole.  
But then he stopped, and softly said,  
“My brother Sulayman once prayed and led...”

Mansoor:

What did he say, Baba, do you know?  
Tell me, tell me before you go!



Baba:

He said, “O Allah, forgive and give,  
A kingdom that no one else shall live.”  
The Prophet ﷺ remembered that noble plea,  
And let the jinn go—humbled, not free.

Mansoor:

So even with power, he showed such grace,  
He didn’t boast or seek a chase.

Baba:

Yes, my son, strength is not loud,  
It’s being humble, never proud.  
Even when you can show might,  
Choosing mercy is always right.

Mansoor:

Next time I feel brave, I’ll remember too,  
That kindness and control are what we do!

The Man Tied to the Pillar

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw a picture today,  
Of a man tied up in a strange way.  
He looked so angry, tied near a wall...

Was he bad? Did he hurt them all?

Baba:

That man, my dear, was once so bold,  
Thumama bin Uthal, strong and cold.  
He didn't like the Muslims then,  
He led a tribe, and fought like men.

Mansoor:

Then why was he tied inside the masjid?  
Isn't that where we pray and sit?

Baba:

Yes, my son, and that's the tale—  
Of how love and mercy can never fail.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed no hate,  
He let Thumama reflect and wait.

Mansoor:

He left him tied? For how long, Baba?  
Did he talk to him, or say "La ilaha"?

Baba:

For three days, they gave him food,  
And treated him with words so good.  
No harsh hands, no angry eyes,  
Just kindness that took him by surprise.

Mansoor:

Did he change, Baba? What happened next?  
Was his heart still hard or perplexed?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said, “Release him now,”  
And no one asked the when or how.  
Thumama walked, but didn’t go far—  
To a garden near the masjid’s star.

Mansoor:

He didn’t run or shout or hide?  
What did he feel deep inside?

Baba:

He took a bath and came once more,  
Stepped gently through the masjid’s door.  
With a shining face, he then declared,  
“None is worthy but Allah,” he shared.

Mansoor:

He became Muslim, Baba? Just like that?  
No fighting back or turning his hat?

Baba:

Yes, my son, hearts change with light,

Not with swords, but what is right.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught through care,  
And that soft touch led to a prayer.

Mansoor:  
So I should be kind, even when I'm mad?  
And not be rude, even if I'm sad?

Baba:  
That's my boy, you've learned it true—  
Kindness wins, no matter who.

The Tent of Sad bin Mu'adh

Mansoor:  
Baba, why do some tents stand tall  
Inside the masjid, near its wall?  
Aren't tents for deserts, sun, and shade?  
Why were they built where prayers are made?

Baba:  
Ah, my dear, that's a thoughtful ask,  
Let's travel back through a noble task.  
A trench was dug, the battle was near,  
The Muslims stood with strength, not fear.

Mansoor:

Was that the Battle of the Trench you mean?  
Where winds blew strong and hearts were keen?

Baba:

Yes, my son, and Sad bin Mu'adh stood,  
A leader brave, noble and good.  
He fought with honor, full of grace,  
Until an arrow struck his vein in place.

Mansoor:

Oh no, Baba! Was it very deep?  
Did he fall down or try to leap?

Baba:

It hurt him much, the blood did flow,  
But his faith stayed high, his face aglow.  
The Prophet ﷺ with care so true,  
Pitched a tent inside the mosque too.

Mansoor:

Inside the masjid? Was he okay?  
Did people help him every day?

Baba:

Yes, Baba's love was like the sun,  
He checked on Sad till his life was done.  
Another tent stood close beside—

For Banu Ghaffar, a faithful tribe.

Mansoor:

What happened then, Baba? Was Sad alright?  
Did he get better by day or night?

Baba:

One day they saw red trickle in,  
From Sad's tent where pain had been.  
They called out loud, "Oh! What is this?"  
The blood had spread, but not with bliss.

Mansoor:

Did he... did he die, Baba? In that tent?  
Was it his time, his moment sent?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, he passed away,  
But his reward shines bright today.  
The angels shook the skies above,  
For Sad was full of faith and love.

Mansoor:

He gave his life for truth so strong...  
So we could know what's right from wrong?

Baba:

Exactly, son, so be sincere,  
Bravery and faith bring us near—  
To Allah's Light, to Jannah's door,  
Like Sad bin Mu'adh, forevermore.

### The Gentle Ride Around the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, why do some people ride  
When others walk the Ka'bah's side?  
Isn't Tawaf done standing tall,  
Seven times round, for one and all?

Baba:

A wise question, Mansoor, you've asked with care,  
Let me tell you of a moment rare.  
When Um Salama, noble and kind,  
Felt too weak, too sore to bind—

Mansoor:

She was sick, Baba? Was she in pain?  
Could she not walk in that sacred lane?

Baba:

Yes, my son, her body felt slow,  
But her heart still longed for Hajj to show.  
So she spoke to the Prophet ﷺ, soft and true,

And told him of the pain she knew.

Mansoor:

Did he say, “Just rest and wait?”

Or tell her, “No, you must go straight?”

Baba:

He smiled with love, so calm, so wise,

And gave a plan that would surely surprise.

“Ride while you do the Tawaf, my dear—

Behind the people, with peace and cheer.”

Mansoor:

She rode around? That must’ve been

A gentle Tawaf—so kind, so clean.

Baba:

Yes, and as she moved in humble stride,

The Prophet ﷺ stood in prayer beside.

He recited words, strong and pure—

“Wat-Tur, wa Kitabin Mastur.”

Mansoor:

That’s from the Qur’an, Baba, right?

From Surah Tur, full of might?

Baba:



Indeed, my son, with verses deep,  
That make strong hearts weep and leap.  
And from this tale, what do we see?  
That kindness is part of our Deen, you see.

Mansoor:

Even when sick, we're not left behind,  
Islam is gentle, loving, kind.

Baba:

Yes, my Mansoor, that's the way,  
To help each soul in their own day.  
So always show mercy, do your part—  
With a gentle voice and a caring heart.

## The Night That Glowed

Mansoor:

Baba, can the dark ever glow with light,  
Like stars that twinkle in the night?  
Can Allah send light to show the way,  
Even when the skies are dark and gray?

Baba:

Oh yes, my dear, let me share a tale,  
Of two brave men who did not quail.  
They walked one night, the world so still,

No moon above, no light on hill.

Mansoor:

Were they scared, Baba? Did they wait?  
Or walk on through the dark so late?

Baba:

They were strong, with faith so true,  
Their hearts were bright with all they knew.  
As they left the Prophet ﷺ's side,  
Two glowing lights began to guide.

Mansoor:

Like lanterns, Baba? Like fireflies near?  
Or like stars that whispered, "Don't fear"?

Baba:

Even brighter than a lamp's warm glow,  
These lights moved gently, fast and slow.  
One light for each companion's feet,  
A miracle, calm and soft, yet sweet.

Mansoor:

Did they walk far? Did the light stay near?  
Or vanish when they reached their rear?

Baba:

They walked until their homes came close,  
Each guided by the light they chose.  
And when they reached their own front doors,  
The lights went out—they shone no more.

Mansoor:  
SubhanAllah! What a sign so clear!  
That Allah is always, always near.

Baba:  
Yes, my son, when faith is deep,  
Even the darkest paths feel sweet.  
So trust in Allah, both day and night—  
He always sends the perfect light.

### The Choice of the Hereafter

Mansoor:  
Baba, tell me, what is the best,  
The world we live in, or what's blessed?  
Is it the toys and all we see,  
Or the reward that's waiting for me?

Baba:  
Mansoor, listen closely, my son so bright,  
Let me tell you of a choice one night.  
The Prophet ﷺ, so pure and kind,

Was given a choice by Allah, divine.

Mansoor:

A choice, Baba? What could it be?

What did he choose for you and me?

Baba:

He could choose the world or what's above,

The Paradise full of peace and love.

And though the world had wealth and fame,

He chose the Hereafter, to make Allah's name.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did Abu Bakr cry?

He knew the Prophet ﷺ was close to the sky.

Baba:

Ah, my son, Abu Bakr knew,

That the Prophet ﷺ had a heart so true.

Though he could take what the world would give,

He chose Allah's way, to forever live.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did Abu Bakr weep?

Was it because the choice was so deep?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Abu Bakr wept with love,  
For the Prophet ﷺ chose what's from above.  
He had given his heart and his wealth,  
And the Prophet ﷺ praised him for his health.

Mansoor:

Oh Baba, Abu Bakr was so kind,  
He gave his all, his heart, his mind.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, and what's most true,  
Is that Allah loves those who choose the view,  
Of the Hereafter, with faith and care,  
For those who strive, Allah is there.

Mansoor:

So Baba, I'll choose the way that's bright,  
The way of Allah, full of light!

Baba:

That's my boy, you've learned so well,  
The best choice is the one with Allah's spell.  
For the Hereafter, that's where we'll find,  
True peace and joy, for heart and mind.

The Friend of the Prophet

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me a story, I want to hear,  
About a friend who was close and dear.  
Who stood by the Prophet, in good and bad,  
Whose love and kindness made him glad?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you true,  
Of Abu Bakr, who always knew,  
That the Prophet ﷺ needed him most,  
A friend like no other, a love that's close.

Mansoor:

Was he the Prophet's best friend, Baba?  
The one who stood beside him like no other?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, he was the one,  
Who helped the Prophet ﷺ when work was done.  
In good times and bad, he gave with care,  
His heart and wealth, with love to share.

Mansoor:

But Baba, I heard the Prophet say,  
That if he could choose a friend one day,  
He'd choose Abu Bakr, for his heart so pure,  
And yet, the brotherhood of Islam is sure.

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, the Prophet did say,  
Abu Bakr's love was bright as day.  
But the Prophet ﷺ, with his wisdom so great,  
Chose brotherhood to unite the faithful's fate.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ do then, Baba?  
To show Abu Bakr that he was his friend?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, in his final days,  
Called Abu Bakr with love and praise.  
He said, "Close all doors in the mosque, except his,  
For his heart is full of love and bliss."

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did the Prophet ﷺ do this?  
Was it to honor him with such a kiss?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it was a sign so clear,  
Of love, sacrifice, and friendship sincere.  
Abu Bakr gave his wealth and soul,  
And with the Prophet ﷺ, he played his role.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, so kind and true,  
How Abu Bakr's love always shone through.  
I'll remember this lesson in my heart,  
To be a true friend and never depart.

Baba:

Well said, my son, with wisdom bright,  
True friendship, like Abu Bakr's, is pure light.  
So love and help, in times of need,  
And in your heart, let kindness lead.

### The Prophet's Visit to the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me a story, I want to know,  
About the Ka'bah and the Prophet's glow.  
Did the Prophet ﷺ go there one day,  
And pray in the sacred house, they say?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you true,  
The Prophet ﷺ visited, and here's what he knew.  
One day in Makkah, a special sight,  
He entered the Ka'bah, a moment so bright.

Mansoor:



Did he pray inside, Baba, so grand?  
Between the pillars, in that holy land?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ did pray,  
Inside the Ka'bah, that blessed day.  
With Bilal, Usama, and Uthman by his side,  
They went in together, and the door was closed wide.

Mansoor:

How long did he stay there, Baba, tell me more?  
Did he pray for us on that blessed floor?

Baba:

An hour they stayed, in peace and grace,  
The Prophet ﷺ, in that holy place.  
Bilal told Ibn Umar, when he did inquire,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, setting hearts afire.

Mansoor:

Between the pillars, that's where he stood,  
In the Ka'bah, the most blessed of good.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, between two pillars tall,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, responding to the call.  
In Makkah, the heart of Islam's light,

Where faith is strong, and hearts take flight.

Mansoor:

What can I learn from this, Baba, please?  
About the Ka'bah and the Prophet's peace?

Baba:

We learn, my son, that sacred is the place,  
Where prayers are made with love and grace.  
The Ka'bah holds a special place in our heart,  
A symbol of faith, where prayers never part.

Mansoor:

I'll remember this lesson, Baba, so true,  
To respect the Ka'bah and follow what we're due.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, with love and might,  
We pray with devotion, day and night.

The Story of Thumama Bin Uthal

Baba, can you tell me a story?  
Asked little Mansoor, eager and bright.  
"Of course, my son, let me share one,  
A tale of patience and mercy so right."

Baba:

"Once, the Prophet ﷺ was in Makkah's land,

When a man named Thumama was brought in hand.  
He was tied by the hands to a pillar that day,  
A prisoner captured in a difficult way."

Mansoor:

"Why was he tied up, Baba, tell me more?"  
Mansoor asked, his heart full of wonder and lore.

Baba:

"Thumama came from a tribe far and wide,  
But Allah's Messenger ﷺ would show mercy and guide.  
He was brought to the mosque, where all could see,  
A chance for him to repent and be free."

Mansoor:

"But Baba, wasn't Thumama the enemy of Islam?"  
Mansoor asked, feeling a bit alarmed.

Baba:

"Yes, my son, he had once been a foe,  
But the Prophet ﷺ showed kindness, as you will know.  
He didn't seek revenge or bring harm that day,  
He gave Thumama a chance to find the right way."

Mansoor:

"How did Thumama feel, Baba, do you think?"  
Mansoor asked, his heart beginning to sink.

Baba:

"He felt confused and trapped at first,  
But then he thought, 'Maybe this is a blessing, not a curse.'  
The Prophet ﷺ, with a heart so pure,  
Offered him mercy, a chance to be sure."

Mansoor:

"What happened next, Baba? Did he change his heart?"  
Mansoor asked, eager to hear the part.

Baba:

"After days of kindness, Thumama felt free,  
He stood before the Prophet ﷺ, in humility.  
'I swear by Allah,' he said with regret,  
'I believe in Him now, no more to forget.'

The Prophet ﷺ smiled, his heart full of grace,  
And welcomed Thumama, with love on his face."

Mansoor:

"So Baba, the lesson is clear, I see!  
Mercy and kindness are the key,  
Even to those who were once unkind,  
We give them a chance to change and find."

Baba:

"Exactly, my son, you've understood so well,  
Kindness and mercy are the stories we tell.  
For the Prophet ﷺ, peace was his way,  
And through his example, we too must stay."

Mansoor:

"Thank you, Baba, for this story so bright,  
I will remember to be kind, day and night."

Baba:

"You're welcome, my son, let kindness be your guide,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, always spread love far and wide."

## The Importance of Respect in the Mosque

Baba, can you tell me a story today?

Mansoor asked, eager to learn and play.

"Of course, my son, I have one in mind,  
A lesson on respect for you to find."

Baba:

"Once, there was a time, in the city of Medina,  
A place where peace and respect would reign,  
In the mosque of the Prophet ﷺ so dear,  
A story unfolds, one for us to hear."

Mansoor:

"Was it a good story, Baba, do you think?"  
Mansoor asked, as he reached for a drink.

Baba:

"Yes, my son, it's about respect for the place,  
The mosque of the Prophet ﷺ, a holy space.  
One day, a young man stood, looking around,  
When suddenly, a pebble hit him on the ground."

Mansoor:

"Who threw the stone, Baba, and why?"  
Mansoor asked, curious as he looked up to the sky.

Baba:

"It was none other than Umar, the great,  
A companion of the Prophet ﷺ, full of fate.  
He saw two men from Taif raising their voice,  
In the mosque of the Prophet ﷺ, they had no choice."

Mansoor:

"But Baba, why was it wrong to raise a voice?"  
Mansoor asked, trying to understand the choice.

Baba:

"In the mosque, my son, we show respect,  
For it's a place of peace and prayers, not neglect.  
Umar called them over, with firmness so clear,

He said, 'In this mosque, you must be sincere.'"

Mansoor:

"So, Baba, did Umar punish them then?"

Mansoor asked, wondering about the men.

Baba:

"No, my son, Umar showed his wisdom and grace,  
He said, 'If you were from Medina, you'd know your place.  
But because you are guests, I will show you the way,  
Speak softly here, and let peace stay.'"

Mansoor:

"I understand now, Baba, to respect all around,  
The mosque is a place where peace must be found.  
Even when we're angry or feeling upset,  
We must stay calm, and not forget."

Baba:

"Exactly, my son, you've learned it so well,  
Respect in the mosque is a lesson to tell.  
So when we go there, remember to be kind,  
For respect and peace are always aligned."

Mansoor:

"Thank you, Baba, for this lesson so true,  
I'll remember to show respect in all that I do."

## Mansoor and Baba's Lesson on Forgiveness

Mansoor:

Baba, today I heard a story that made me think.  
It was about a man named Kab, who had a debt to fix.  
His friend owed him money, but he couldn't pay,  
And they both argued loudly one fine day.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you the rest,  
It's a story that teaches us how to be our best.  
Kab was upset, his voice filled the air,  
He wanted the money, it wasn't fair.

But the Prophet ﷺ, hearing their dispute,  
Came out of his house, calm and astute.  
He saw them both, in the heat of the fray,  
And with a hand gesture, he showed them the way.

Mansoor:

What did he say, Baba? What did he do?  
How did the Prophet ﷺ teach them what's true?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, full of wisdom and grace,  
Said to Kab, "Reduce the debt at a peaceful pace."



Half the amount, he asked to forgive,  
For with kindness and mercy, we should live.

He then turned to the one who owed the debt,  
And said, "Pay it now, so there's no regret."  
Kab agreed, and peace filled the air,  
Forgiveness and justice were both shown there.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the lesson is clear to see,  
Forgiving is better, as the Prophet ﷺ told me.  
We must be kind, and offer our hand,  
To forgive and help others, just as we stand.

Baba:

Yes, my son, you understand it well,  
Forgiveness is a treasure that all should tell.  
When we forgive, we open hearts wide,  
And peace and blessings with us will reside.

Mansoor:

I will remember this, Baba, every day,  
To forgive and be kind in every way.  
Thank you for teaching me with love and care,  
A lesson that's precious, beyond compare.

Baba:

May Allah guide you, Mansoor, with His light,  
To follow the Prophet ﷺ, and do what's right.

### The Night Prayer

Mansoor: "Baba, I see you waking up at night,  
What do you do in the quiet and the light?"

Baba: "Ah, my dear, it's the time to pray,  
When the world is asleep, I go on my way."

Mansoor: "But how do you pray in the still of the night,  
Is there a special way to do it right?"

Baba: "Yes, my son, it's very clear,  
The Prophet taught us, we hold it dear.  
Pray two Rak'ah at a time,  
Then two more, a rhythm so fine."

Mansoor: "But Baba, what if the dawn comes near,  
How do we finish without fear?"

Baba: "A good question, my little one,  
If the dawn is near, we're almost done.  
Pray just one Rakat, as the Prophet said,  
It will complete the prayers you've made."

Mansoor: "So, if I pray like this at night,  
I can be sure everything is right?"

Baba: "Yes, indeed, my son, you'll see,  
The last Rakat must be odd, just like three.  
The Prophet taught us this way,  
To finish our prayer at the break of day."

Mansoor: "Thank you, Baba, for teaching me,  
Now I know how to pray at night with ease."

Baba: "Remember, my child, it's always good,  
To pray with sincerity and in solitude.  
Our Prophet ﷺ showed us the path,  
And we follow it, with love and faith that will last."

Mansoor: "I'll make sure to pray with care,  
And follow the Prophet's way everywhere."

## The Prayer of the Night

Mansoor:  
Baba, why do you wake up so late,  
When the world is asleep and the hour is late?  
I saw your light shine in the night,  
While stars above were glowing bright.

Baba:

Mansoor, my dear, come sit near,  
Let Baba's words be soft and clear.  
There's a prayer so calm, so sweet,  
In the silent night, our Lord we meet.

Mansoor:

A prayer at night? But why not day?  
Don't we already bow and pray?

Baba:

We do, my son, five times with care,  
But night holds a special kind of prayer.  
The Prophet ﷺ once shared this light,  
To pray two Rakat in the still of night.

Mansoor:

Just two? That sounds so small!

Baba:

Two at a time, but you can pray more—  
Four, six, or even eight and four!  
Each pair brings us closer near,  
To Allah, Who is always here.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if Fajr is close?

And sleep is pulling down my nose?

Baba:

Then pray one Raka, like a crown,  
Called Witr before you lay back down.  
It wraps your prayers, makes them whole,  
A precious gift for every soul.

Mansoor:

Will Allah hear me in the night?  
Even if I whisper, not shout my plight?

Baba:

Yes, my son, He hears your sigh,  
In every tear, and every cry.  
The night is quiet, hearts are true,  
And Allah loves when we talk too.

Mansoor:

Then Baba, tonight can I wake too?  
And stand beside the Lord with you?

Baba:

Yes, my son, we'll rise and pray,  
And greet the peace before the day.

The Three Visitors at the Masjid

Mansoor:

Baba, today at the masjid gate,  
I saw three boys who came in late.  
One came in and joined the crowd,  
Another stood back, not too loud.  
But one just turned and walked away—  
Why would someone not choose to stay?

Baba:

That's a thoughtful question, my dear,  
Come closer now and lend your ear.  
Once the Prophet ﷺ sat in a place,  
Teaching with mercy, love, and grace.

Mansoor:

Like our Imam, who helps us learn?  
He reads the Qur'an at every turn!

Baba:

Exactly so! Now listen well—  
Three men came, as the hadith tells.  
One found a spot and quickly sat,  
Eager to learn—imagine that!

Mansoor:

That's like Ahmad, my friend at school,

He always joins and follows rules.

Baba:

Yes, and Allah welcomed him in,  
For seeking knowledge is not a sin.  
The second man stayed at the back,  
Too shy to join the learning track.

Mansoor:

Shy like me, when I'm too small,  
To raise my hand or stand up tall.

Baba:

But even shyness Allah does see,  
And wrapped him in His mercy, gently.  
Now the third man? He walked away,  
Turning his back on blessings that day.

Mansoor:

Oh no! Why would someone leave?  
Did he not care or just not believe?

Baba:

Maybe he thought it wasn't his time,  
But turning away was still a sign.  
So Allah turned away as well—  
A lesson deep the Prophet did tell.

Mansoor:

Baba, I promise I'll try to be,  
Like the first who sat so eagerly.  
And if I'm shy, I'll still be there,  
For Allah's love is everywhere.

Baba:

That's my boy, with heart so bright—  
Come to the light, choose what is right.  
For those who walk to Allah's door,  
He runs to them with blessings and more.

Resting in the Masjid

Mansoor:

Baba, today I saw Imam Zaid,  
Lying down in the masjid's shade.  
One leg crossed and eyes closed tight,  
I thought, "Is that really right?"

Baba:

Ah, my dear, you've seen just now,  
What even the Prophet ﷺ did allow.  
He once lay down, calm and still,  
With peace and rest, upon the sill.



Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ rested like that too?  
Right in the masjid, in plain view?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, with one leg high,  
The other resting—no need to shy.  
Abbad bin Tamim once told,  
How he saw this scene unfold.

Mansoor:

Did anyone say it was wrong or bad?  
Or did it make the people sad?

Baba:

Not at all! Umar and Uthman too,  
Would rest that way like others do.  
Sometimes a masjid's not just prayer,  
It's peace and calm and loving care.

Mansoor:

So it's okay to lie a bit,  
When I'm tired and need to sit?

Baba:

As long as your heart is clean and kind,  
And you're showing Allah love in mind,

There's no harm in resting your feet,  
Especially if your soul stays sweet.

Mansoor:

Baba, I thought we must only stand,  
Or sit cross-legged with folded hands.

Baba:

That's a beautiful way too, my son,  
But resting is not something to shun.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed with grace and ease,  
That rest in the masjid can still please.

Mansoor:

I'll rest with care and never play,  
And remember what you taught today.

Baba:

That's my boy, with manners bright,  
Learning Sunnah with love and light.

## The Courtyard Mosque

Mansoor:

Baba, can someone pray at home,  
Like in a masjid where people roam?  
Can they build a mosque so near,

That children and neighbors might hear?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, a mosque can grow,  
Even where simple flowers blow.  
Like Abu Bakr, the noble and kind,  
Built one in his courtyard—peace in mind.

Mansoor:

Abu Bakr? The Prophet's friend?  
The one who stayed with him to the end?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, with heart so soft,  
He'd cry while reading verses aloft.  
In his small mosque, he'd recite,  
The words of Allah, morning and night.

Mansoor:

Did people come to hear him too?  
Even those who never knew?

Baba:

Oh yes, the women, the children, they'd pause,  
Touched by Qur'an without a cause.  
The way he wept made hearts awake,  
Even the pagans feared a quake.

Mansoor:

Why were they scared of someone's tears?  
Wasn't Qur'an meant to bring us near?

Baba:

They feared the truth would softly slip,  
Into young hearts, like honey drip.  
They saw his love, his peaceful face,  
And worried it might change their place.

Mansoor:

So Baba, if I read Qur'an aloud,  
Even if it's not in a crowd...  
Will it still reach someone who's near,  
And maybe soften what they fear?

Baba:

Yes, my son, each word you say,  
Can guide a heart that's lost its way.  
Read with love, like Abu Bakr did,  
Even if your voice is hid.

Mansoor:

Then I'll recite with heart and care,  
Hoping someone might stop and stare.

Baba:

That's my Mansoor, my guiding light,  
Spreading the truth with voice so bright.

### Steps to the Mosque

Mansoor:

Baba, why do we walk to pray,  
Even when it's far away?  
Wouldn't it be much easier still  
To pray at home, just down the hill?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, listen close and true,  
Each step to the masjid earns reward for you.  
Our Prophet ﷺ told us something grand—  
A secret from Allah's loving hand.

Mansoor:

A secret? Oh Baba, tell me please!  
I want to earn rewards with ease!

Baba:

When someone makes wudu just right,  
Cleans their hands and mouth so bright,  
Then walks to the mosque, pure and clear,  
With prayer alone in heart sincere—

Each step he takes, one sin is erased,  
And one reward is gently placed.

Mansoor:

So every step is like a gift?  
That makes my good deeds start to lift?

Baba:

Exactly, son! And there's more to hear—  
If he waits for prayer while sitting near,  
The angels whisper from up above,  
“O Allah, forgive him, show him love.”  
As long as he stays and doesn't stray,  
He's counted in prayer all the way.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba! Then I'll never race,  
I'll walk with care to earn Allah's grace.  
Even my small feet can bring such light,  
One step at a time, morning or night.

Baba:

That's my boy, with faith so deep,  
Every little action, Allah will keep.  
Remember, son, in all you do,  
Allah watches and rewards you too.

Mansoor:

Then let's go now, I'll lead the way—  
Each step a prayer we walk today!

## Fingers That Unite Not Fight

Mansoor:

Baba, in class some friends today  
Got mad and pushed each other away.  
They yelled so loud and didn't care,  
I stood there quietly, just to stare.

Baba:

Oh Mansoor, sometimes people stray,  
And anger takes their hearts away.  
But do you know what the Prophet ﷺ said,  
About staying calm and using your head?

Mansoor:

No Baba, what did he say?  
Tell me, please, I'll learn today!

Baba:

One day he joined his fingers tight,  
Like this, my son, with gentle might.  
He showed that people must unite,  
Not argue, scream, or start a fight.

Mansoor:

Like fingers locked—so side by side?

That means we're strong when hearts don't hide?

Baba:

Yes, my son, a peaceful hand

Is better than a noisy stand.

The Prophet ﷺ warned that someday,

When goodness fades and truth won't stay,

Some people—mean, with hearts so cold—

Will fight and lie and break the fold.

Mansoor:

But Baba, I don't want to be

Like those who choose bad company!

Baba:

Then stay with those who love what's right,

Who speak kind words, not pick a fight.

When you see someone lose their way,

Be patient, guide them if you may.

Mansoor:

Then if I see a friend upset,

I'll try my best to not forget—

To calm him down and help him see,



That friends should live in unity.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my brave boy,  
Spreading peace, not hate, or ploy.  
Like fingers clasped in gentle care,  
You'll find Allah's blessings there.

When Fingers Fight or Hold On Tight

Mansoor:

Baba, today some kids were mean,  
They pushed and teased behind the green.  
They laughed when someone dropped their food,  
And didn't stop though it was rude.

Baba:

Ah Mansoor, this makes my heart sad,  
When kindness fades and boys act bad.  
Do you know what the Prophet ﷺ said,  
About the times that lie ahead?

Mansoor:

No Baba, please, I want to know,  
So I can choose the better flow.

Baba:

He once locked fingers, hand to hand,  
And warned of days across the land,  
When people—mean, unfair, untrue—  
Would fight and harm, not care what's due.

Mansoor:

Why Baba? Why would people turn  
Away from good and never learn?

Baba:

Because they forget what's right and pure,  
They chase the world and want much more.  
They argue, cheat, and break their ties,  
They turn from truth and cling to lies.

Mansoor:

But Baba, I don't want that way.  
I want to help and kindly play.  
If someone falls, I'll lend a hand,  
And try to help them up to stand.

Baba:

That's my boy, strong in the heart,  
You've chosen well, a noble start.  
Like fingers locked, we must hold tight,  
To faith, to peace, to what is right.

Mansoor:

So if I see a fight again,  
I'll be the one who stays a friend.  
I'll say, "Let's talk, not shout or shove—  
Let's show the world what's called true love."

Baba:

Well done, my son, you've understood.  
Be one who spreads both peace and good.  
For even when the world turns cold,  
True hearts will shine like threads of gold.

When People Forget What's Right

Mansoor:

Baba, today some kids were loud,  
They shouted mean things in a crowd.  
They pushed each other just for fun,  
And made a boy cry, then they'd run.

Baba:

Mansoor, my dear, I saw that too,  
And my heart quietly prayed for you.  
Do you know what the Prophet said,  
About tough times that lie ahead?

Mansoor:

No Baba, what did he share?  
Was it about people who stop to care?

Baba:  
Yes, my son, he spoke with pain,  
About a time that's not the same.  
He asked, "O Abdullah, what will you do,  
When the worst of people live among you?"

Mansoor:  
Worst, Baba? Will they be so bad?  
Will they forget the good they had?

Baba:  
They'll forget to speak with peace or grace,  
And anger will show on every face.  
They'll argue, fight, and break their ties,  
They'll turn from truth and spread false lies.

Mansoor:  
But Baba, we can choose what's right,  
To never shout or start a fight.  
Even if others choose the wrong,  
We can still be kind and strong.

Baba:  
That's the path our Prophet showed,

To walk in peace and bear the load.  
Even if others forget to care,  
You, my son, must still be fair.

Mansoor:

Then I will help and always smile,  
Even when hearts are full of trial.  
I'll show the way with gentle tone,  
So others won't feel so alone.

Baba:

That's my boy, with heart so true,  
The world needs many just like you.  
For even when the world is wild,  
It's saved by hearts like that of a child.

Like Bricks in a Wall

Mansoor:

Baba, today at school I saw,  
Two boys argue, then one broke the law.  
He tripped his friend and walked away,  
Leaving him sad for the rest of the day.

Baba:

Oh Mansoor, my thoughtful one,  
That's not the way things should be done.

The Prophet taught us with such care,  
How believers should always be fair.

Mansoor:

What did he say, Baba, please tell,  
So I can treat my classmates well.

Baba:

He said believers, strong and true,  
Are like bricks in a wall, sticking like glue.  
He clasped his fingers, hand in hand,  
To show how united we should stand.

Mansoor:

Like bricks? That sounds really strong,  
Helping each other all day long!

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's how we grow,  
By lifting others when they're low.  
If one falls down or feels alone,  
We stand beside them till they've grown.

Mansoor:

Then tomorrow I'll say kind words,  
Even if someone's been harsh or absurd.  
I'll be a brick that's kind and fair,

Always showing I truly care.

Baba:

That's the spirit, that's the way,  
To brighten hearts every day.  
One small act, like lending a hand,  
Can help build walls that firmly stand.

Mansoor:

Together we're strong, like bricks in a line,  
Helping each other, one brick at a time!

### The Prophet's Forgotten Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today I learned a story so grand,  
About our Prophet ﷺ, and how he would stand.  
In a prayer one night, he led the way,  
But something happened, and people did sway.

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ,  
Was perfect in every prayer, every gem.  
But even he, in his guidance so true,  
Sometimes forgot, like me or you.

Mansoor:

Did he forget the prayer, Baba? What happened then?  
Did he make a mistake again and again?

Baba:

Not a mistake, Mansoor, not at all,  
But a moment of forgetfulness, nothing to appall.  
He prayed two Rakat and said Tasleem,  
But the people wondered, what did it mean?

Mansoor:

They thought the prayer was incomplete,  
But they didn't know, was it a retreat?

Baba:

No, my son, they waited in doubt,  
And then one man spoke out loud.  
Dhul-Yadain, brave and kind,  
Asked the Prophet ﷺ, what was in his mind?

Mansoor:

So the Prophet ﷺ didn't forget for long,  
He completed the prayer, where it belonged!

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, he stood up with grace,  
He completed the prayer, took his place.  
He made two prostrations, and then said, "Allahu Akbar!"



Teaching us how to make things right, near or far.

Mansoor:

So even the Prophet ﷺ can forget sometimes,  
But he shows us how to fix things with signs?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's a lesson so clear,  
If we make a mistake, let's not fear.  
We can correct it with sincerity and care,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, always aware.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I'll always remember this rule,  
If I forget, I'll fix it with a heart that's full.  
I'll never be afraid to admit when I err,  
And correct my mistakes with love and prayer.

## The Places of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today I learned something grand,  
A story of prayers in a faraway land.  
Salim bin Abdullah, with faith so bright,  
Looked for special places to pray in the night.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it's true what you say,  
He looked for places where the Prophet ﷺ would pray.  
The places were special, so pure and so bright,  
For when the Prophet ﷺ prayed there, it felt just right.

Mansoor:

Did Salim know those places so well?  
Why were they special? Can you tell?

Baba:

These places were blessed, Mansoor, my dear,  
For the Prophet ﷺ prayed there, bringing us near.  
Salim's father, too, prayed where the Prophet had been,  
And Salim followed the footsteps, always so keen.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what made these places so good?  
Why would they be where the Prophet ﷺ stood?

Baba:

It was because of the Prophet's love and care,  
For wherever he prayed, Allah was there.  
And when we pray in those blessed spots,  
We remember him, with all our thoughts.

Mansoor:

Did Salim pray at every place, Baba?

Or was there one place he didn't, aha?

Baba:

Ah, you're right, Mansoor, listen well,  
Salim didn't pray at just any place, as I'll tell.  
There was one spot, a mosque by Sharaf Ar-Rawha,  
Where he and his father didn't pray, not for a flaw.

Mansoor:

But why, Baba? Why not that place?  
If it was special, like the others, full of grace?

Baba:

Some places may not be as blessed or pure,  
And Salim knew which places were most sure.  
We must follow what is best and right,  
Just as the Prophet ﷺ showed us the light.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I will pray with care,  
In places of peace, with faith so fair.  
I'll remember the Prophet ﷺ, near and far,  
And pray with love, under Allah's star.

The Prophet's Prayers Along the Way

Mansoor:

Baba, today I heard a story so grand,  
About the Prophet ﷺ, and prayers on the land.  
He prayed in many places, along the way,  
From Madinah to Makkah, every day.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it's true, the Prophet ﷺ knew,  
The road to Makkah, with blessings anew.  
He prayed in spots, each one so dear,  
A place where Allah's mercy was near.

Mansoor:

Which places, Baba, did the Prophet choose?  
Where did he pray, and never refuse?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ prayed in many a spot,  
Along the path where he traveled a lot.  
From Madinah's gates to Makkah's bright light,  
Each place held blessings, and each prayer was right.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how could the Prophet know,  
Which places to pray, where blessings would flow?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ, with Allah's guidance so true,

Knew which places would bring peace to you.  
He prayed where the earth was pure and blessed,  
And there he showed us how to be our best.

Mansoor:

And did the people follow, Baba, just right?  
Were they all there, in those spots of light?

Baba:

The people followed, as best they could,  
They prayed in the places that they understood.  
But the Prophet ﷺ showed them the way,  
To keep their hearts clean and their prayers to pray.

Mansoor:

Baba, I want to pray just like him,  
In places of peace, and faith that's dim.  
I'll learn his way and follow with care,  
For in each prayer, Allah is there.

Baba:

That's the spirit, Mansoor, you're on the right track,  
With faith in your heart, there's no looking back.  
Remember, the Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
To pray with love and mercy each day.

The Blessed Journey of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a tale, so beautiful and bright,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his prayers in the night.  
He traveled from Medina, all the way to Mecca,  
Where did he stop to pray, Baba, can you tell me, check-a?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ prayed with great care,  
In many places along the road, he was aware.  
From Medina to Mecca, the journey was long,  
But in every spot, he prayed to Allah, so strong.

Mansoor:

What made these places so special, Baba dear?  
Why did the Prophet ﷺ pray so near?

Baba:

Each place he prayed was a blessed space,  
Where Allah's mercy was filled with grace.  
The Prophet ﷺ knew, with every prayer he made,  
That those moments with Allah would never fade.

Mansoor:

I wish I could pray where he prayed, Baba,  
In those blessed spots with peace in my heart.

Baba:

You can, my son, for prayer knows no bound,  
Wherever you are, Allah's mercy is found.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
To pray with sincerity, every day.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I don't know where to pray?  
Should I wait for those blessed places each day?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, you can pray anywhere you stand,  
For Allah is near, with His helping hand.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed in places divine,  
But your prayer is special, wherever you shine.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's not where I go,  
It's how I pray and let my love for Allah grow.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's all in your heart,  
Wherever you are, let your prayers start.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, be sincere and true,  
Allah is always there, watching over you.

The Journey of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a tale, so grand and bright,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his prayers at night.  
He traveled from Medina, through the desert so wide,  
Where did he stop to pray, Baba? Please be my guide.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ journeyed long,  
And in each place, he prayed with Allah all along.  
From Medina to Mecca, through the open land,  
He prayed to Allah, with a heart so grand.

Mansoor:

Did he stop in many places, Baba dear?  
To pray in spots that are special and clear?

Baba:

Yes, my son, he prayed in places so bright,  
Each one was special, filled with Allah's light.  
These places were chosen, not by chance,  
But as a reminder of Allah's endless glance.

Mansoor:

Can I pray like him, Baba, wherever I go?  
In any place, with Allah's love to show?



Baba:

You can, my son, wherever you stand,  
For Allah is with you, holding your hand.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
To pray with love, every single day.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I'm far from those blessed spots?  
Can I still pray, or will Allah's mercy be lost?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, Allah is never far away,  
His mercy is with you, every single day.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, but it's not where you stand,  
It's in your heart, with a love so grand.

Mansoor:

So, it's not about places, Baba, I see,  
It's about praying with love, and sincerity.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, prayer's about your heart,  
Wherever you are, let your prayer start.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, always be true,  
And Allah's blessings will always be with you.

The Path of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard of the Prophet's way,  
From Medina to Mecca, he traveled each day.  
He prayed in places, scattered so wide,  
Where Allah's mercy was always his guide.

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ showed,  
That on his journey, he always prayed on the road.  
From Medina to Mecca, through desert and sand,  
He prayed to Allah, with faith so grand.

Mansoor:

Were there special spots, Baba, along his way,  
Where he prayed to Allah, both night and day?

Baba:

Indeed, my son, the Prophet ﷺ knew,  
That wherever he prayed, Allah was with him too.  
It wasn't the place, but the heart that mattered,  
His prayers, sincere, with love they scattered.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's not about where we pray?  
We can pray anywhere, night or day?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, it's about the love inside,  
Not the place or time, but where your heart resides.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, but it's not where you stand,  
It's the devotion you have, and Allah's command.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, it's the heart that's true,  
When we pray to Allah, He's always with you.

Baba:

Yes, my son, wherever you may be,  
Pray to Allah, and you will be free.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, let your heart guide,  
And Allah's mercy will always be by your side.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I can pray anywhere I go,  
With love in my heart, letting Allah's mercy flow?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, that's the way to pray,  
With sincerity and love, every single day.

The Journey of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard that the Prophet ﷺ,  
Prayed in places all along the way.  
From Medina to Mecca, what a long road,  
Where did he pray as he traveled that load?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ did pray,  
At different places along his way.  
The journey was long, the path full of sand,  
But where he prayed, Allah's mercy would stand.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, were these places special and neat?  
Where the Prophet ﷺ bowed in prayer at his feet?

Baba:

Each place was special, but not for its ground,  
It was his devotion to Allah that was profound.  
No matter where he stood or sat,  
His heart was pure, and that was that.

Mansoor:

Ah, so Baba, it's not about the place,  
But the love in our heart and seeking Allah's grace?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood well,

It's not the location, but the love we tell.  
In every prayer, the Prophet ﷺ showed,  
It's the sincerity, not the road.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, I now understand,  
It's about the heart, and Allah's command.

Baba:

Yes, my son, when you pray with love and care,  
Know that Allah's mercy is always there.  
So wherever you are, in the sun or rain,  
Pray with devotion, and Allah will sustain.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, even when I'm far away,  
I can pray to Allah, every day?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you can pray anywhere,  
With sincerity and love, Allah will always care.

### The Prophet's Prayers on the Journey

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard that the Prophet ﷺ prayed,  
In many places along the way he stayed.

From Medina to Mecca, so far to go,  
What did he do when the winds would blow?

Baba:

Yes, my son, as he traveled afar,  
He prayed with sincerity beneath every star.  
On his journey, he made time for prayer,  
To show his love for Allah, always aware.

Mansoor:

Did the Prophet ﷺ pray in special spots?  
Were there places along the way he sought?

Baba:

The places were many, scattered along the land,  
But it wasn't the place that mattered, understand.  
It was his devotion, his faith so true,  
That made his prayers so special too.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, does that mean we too can pray,  
Wherever we are, any time of the day?

Baba:

Yes, my son, wherever you may be,  
You can pray to Allah, with love and purity.  
It's not about the spot or the place,

It's the sincerity that lights up your face.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if I'm in a rush,  
Or there's no place to pray, in a hurry or hush?

Baba:

Even in a rush, you can make a start,  
With a sincere heart, and a focused heart.  
You can pray in your mind, or wherever you stand,  
As long as your intention is pure and grand.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, it's clear to see,  
It's not where we pray, but how we pray to be.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've learned so well,  
In every prayer, let your heart swell.  
Wherever you go, let your faith shine bright,  
For Allah sees everything, day or night.

## The Prophet's Journey and His Prayers

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story so grand,  
Of the Prophet's journey across the land.

From Medina to Mecca, he traveled so far,  
But I wonder, Baba, did he pray where they are?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ did pray,  
At many places along the way.  
On his journey to Mecca, with faith so strong,  
He showed us the path to pray all along.

Mansoor:

Did he pray on mountains or in the sand?  
Were there special places he would stand?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ prayed in many spots,  
Under the stars and in desert lots.  
But it wasn't the place that was key,  
It was the love for Allah that set him free.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, does it matter where we pray?  
Can we pray anywhere, any time of day?

Baba:

Yes, my son, wherever you may be,  
You can pray to Allah, in sincerity.  
It's not where you are, but the heart that prays,



That brings you closer to Allah's ways.

Mansoor:

But Baba, if I'm in a rush or don't know the spot,  
Can I still pray, or will it not be a lot?

Baba:

Even in a rush, don't forget to pray,  
For Allah knows your heart every day.  
You can pray while walking, or wherever you stand,  
What matters is the love and the faith in your hand.

Mansoor:

Now I see, Baba, it's clear to me,  
That prayer is about sincerity.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, always remember this truth,  
Prayer is for the soul, for the heart of youth.  
Wherever you are, Allah is near,  
He listens to every prayer, crystal clear.

## The Prophet's Prayers Along the Way

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story so true,  
Of the Prophet ﷺ and the places he knew.

On his way from Medina to Mecca so far,  
Did he pray in those places, under the stars?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ prayed,  
In many places where he stayed.  
On his journey so long, through the heat and the sand,  
He prayed to Allah with faith so grand.

Mansoor:

Did he pray on mountains or near a tree?  
Were there special spots where he prayed, just to be free?

Baba:

He prayed in places both wide and small,  
In the desert, by rivers, wherever he'd call.  
It wasn't the place, but the prayer from the heart,  
That made every prayer a beautiful start.

Mansoor:

But Baba, can we pray anywhere too?  
Even when the sky's not so blue?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, wherever you go,  
You can pray, with your heart aglow.  
It's not about the place or time you choose,

It's the love for Allah that you must not lose.

Mansoor:

So even in the car or at school,  
We can pray, and it will be cool?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, in every place,  
Allah hears your prayer with His grace.  
Pray in your heart, and your words so true,  
And Allah will be always near you.

Mansoor:

Now I understand, Baba, so clear,  
That prayer is more than just what we hear.

Baba:

Yes, my son, it's about sincerity,  
In every prayer, in every plea.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ did show,  
Pray with love, and let your faith grow.

### The Prophet's Prayers Along the Journey

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story that's so neat,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his prayer on the street.

He traveled from Medina, so far and wide,  
Did he pray everywhere, along the roadside?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, the Prophet ﷺ did pray,  
In many places along his way.  
Not just in the mosque, but far and wide,  
He prayed with love, with Allah as his guide.

Mansoor:

Did he pray in valleys or by the sea?  
Were there certain places where he'd choose to be?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ prayed in many spots,  
In valleys, on mountains, in sun or in spots so hot.  
It wasn't the place that made the prayer so great,  
It was the love for Allah that he'd demonstrate.

Mansoor:

Baba, does it matter where we pray?  
Can we pray at home or when we're out to play?

Baba:

No, my son, wherever you stand,  
You can pray with Allah, hand in hand.  
It's not where you are, it's the love you feel,

That makes your prayer so strong and real.

Mansoor:

So, even if we're out or in the car,  
We can pray to Allah, near or far?

Baba:

Yes, my son, wherever you go,  
You can pray to Allah and let His mercy flow.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ did show,  
It's the heart that prays, and love that will grow.

Mansoor:

Now I understand, Baba, so clear,  
That Allah is always with us, always near.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Allah hears every prayer,  
In every place, He is always there.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ on his way,  
Praying with love, every single day.

## The Respect for Prayer Rows

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard a story so sweet,  
About Ibn Abbas and the prayer he'd meet.

He rode a she-ass, and as he grew,  
He saw the Prophet ﷺ, and a prayer so true.

Baba:

Yes, my son, Ibn Abbas was wise,  
He witnessed the prayer under the open skies.  
One day at Mina, when he was still young,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, and the words were sung.

Mansoor:

He rode his she-ass and passed by,  
But no one stopped him or made him cry?  
Wasn't he too close to the prayer line?  
Didn't the rows of prayer need to align?

Baba:

You're right, Mansoor, it was close,  
But the Prophet ﷺ taught a lesson so vast.  
Ibn Abbas didn't know, but what did he see?  
That the prayer was sincere, as sincere as can be.

Mansoor:

So, he didn't mean to cause any harm?  
He wasn't trying to make people alarm?  
He just wanted to join in the prayer,  
To stand with the believers in worship and care.

Baba:

Yes, indeed, my son, he had good intent,  
And in Islam, respect is what is meant.  
The people didn't stop him, they let him be,  
And he joined in prayer with sincerity.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if I ever pass in prayer,  
Should I stop and wait and show I care?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, respect is key,  
But in Ibn Abbas's case, it was meant to be.  
He showed respect, and we should too,  
In our prayers, and in all we do.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, the lesson is clear,  
Respecting others and Allah, so dear.  
Whether we pray in rows or alone,  
Our hearts must be pure, our prayers well known.

The Prayer Space of the Prophet ﷺ

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me about the Prophet's way,  
When he prayed on the Eid day.

Did he have something to show the line?  
To guide the people as they prayed in line?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you ask a great thing,  
The Prophet ﷺ had a special way to bring.  
On Eid day, and on journeys afar,  
He would plant a harba, like a shining star.

Mansoor:

A harba, Baba? What's that, I say,  
A stick, a spear, or something to lay?  
Why did he need it, what did it show?  
Did it help the prayer to properly flow?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it was like a guide,  
A simple spear to stand by his side.  
It marked the place where he would stand,  
And the people followed, as was planned.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it was to show respect,  
For the space of prayer, a symbol to protect?  
And after the Prophet ﷺ, did others do the same?  
Did the leaders follow the holy flame?



Baba:

Indeed, Mansoor, they followed too,  
Muslim rulers kept the tradition true.  
The harba marked the prayer space,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, in every place.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, the meaning so clear,  
That in our prayers, we must show respect, my dear.  
We follow the Prophet ﷺ with love and care,  
Keeping our prayer space sacred, and fair.

Baba:

Yes, my son, respect is key,  
In our prayers and all we see.  
From the Prophet ﷺ, we learn the way,  
To honor Allah, and pray each day.

### The Prophet's Prayer with Respect

Mansoor:

Baba, I'm curious about prayer time,  
What does the Prophet's prayer teach in rhyme?  
Did he pray with peace, and was there a way  
To keep his space clean while he would pray?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you ask a wise thing,  
Let me tell you about a special thing.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with great care,  
And showed respect in his prayer space fair.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, what did he do on that day,  
When he prayed with people along the way?  
Did anyone walk by, or pass in front?  
What happened then, did he stop to confront?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, he didn't stop to fight,  
He had a special way to make it right.  
In front of him, he planted an Anza,  
A marker of respect, like a prayer banner.

Mansoor:

An Anza? What's that, Baba? Tell me more,  
How did it help with prayer at the door?

Baba:

It's a stick, my son, a simple thing,  
But it marked his prayer space with a special ring.  
Women and donkeys could pass on through,  
But the Prophet ﷺ prayed without ado.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Anza helped make the space,  
For the Prophet's prayer, to keep it in place?  
Even with distractions, the prayer stayed strong,  
Following Allah's way, the Prophet did no wrong?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it showed respect and care,  
No matter what, the Prophet was there.  
His prayers were pure, his focus stayed,  
On Allah alone, in every prayer he prayed.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how respect does grow,  
In prayer and life, it's the way we show.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, I'll be mindful too,  
Respecting my space in all that I do.

Baba:

That's right, my son, you've learned so well,  
Respect in prayer, we must always tell.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, we follow with grace,  
Honoring Allah in every place.

A Space for Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard about the Prophet's prayer,  
How he prayed with care, free from despair.  
Was his space big, or was it tight,  
When he stood to pray, did he have room for light?

Baba:

Ah, my son, you ask with curiosity,  
Let me tell you about the Prophet's simplicity.  
His space was small, not wide or vast,  
Yet in that space, his prayers would last.

Mansoor:

Was there a wall or a curtain, Baba dear?  
Did he need much room to feel Allah near?

Baba:

No, Mansoor, his space was modest and small,  
Just enough for a sheep to pass through, that's all.  
A small distance between him and the wall,  
But his focus on Allah was above it all.

Mansoor:

A sheep could pass through? That's so tight!  
How did the Prophet ﷺ pray with all his might?

Baba:

It wasn't the space, my son, that mattered,

It was his heart, pure and unshattered.  
His focus was deep, on Allah alone,  
In the smallest space, his faith had grown.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's not about how wide we are,  
It's about our hearts, wherever we are?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, you've understood the key,  
In prayer, it's not size, but sincerity.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
It's the love for Allah that we must display.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, it's not about space,  
It's the intention we bring to that sacred place.  
I'll pray with focus, and in my heart,  
I'll make my prayer a true work of art.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my son, now you know,  
It's not about where we pray, but how we grow.  
May your heart be pure and your prayer sincere,  
Following the Prophet ﷺ, with Allah near.

The Narrow Path to Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard that the Prophet ﷺ,  
Prayed in a mosque where the space was slim.  
Was the mosque big, or was it small,  
Was there room for all the people to stand tall?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you right,  
The mosque was humble, but filled with light.  
The distance between the wall and the pulpit so tight,  
Hardly enough for a sheep to pass by in sight.

Mansoor:

A sheep? That sounds so close, so small,  
How did the people pray there, in the space so tall?

Baba:

It wasn't the size that mattered most,  
But the hearts of the people, humble and close.  
They prayed with focus, not distracted by space,  
Each one in worship, seeking Allah's grace.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's not about how big or wide,  
It's how we feel with Allah by our side?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you've understood so well,  
In our hearts, it's sincerity that must dwell.  
The Prophet ﷺ showed us the way,  
It's the love for Allah that we must display.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what about the space around?  
Wasn't it hard, with people all around?

Baba:

The space was small, but their hearts were wide,  
They focused on prayer, with Allah as their guide.  
The lesson, my son, is in how we pray,  
In sincerity, we must seek Allah's way.

Mansoor:

Now I understand, Baba, it's clear to see,  
It's the love for Allah that sets us free.  
I'll pray with my heart, with focus and care,  
Whether the space is wide, or just a small square.

Baba:

That's the spirit, my son, you've learned well,  
In your heart, let sincerity swell.  
Follow the Prophet ﷺ in all that you do,  
And Allah's blessings will be with you.

## The Harba Before Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard that the Prophet ﷺ,  
Had something special when he prayed in his realm.  
He used a Harba, a spear so tall,  
To make sure his prayer was focused for all.

Baba:

Yes, my son, you're right, indeed,  
The Prophet ﷺ followed a practice we need.  
He planted a Harba, strong and firm,  
To create space, keeping focus long-term.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, was the Harba a sign,  
That when we pray, our hearts must align?  
Was it to help him focus on Allah alone,  
And keep distractions from being shown?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood well,  
The Harba was a way to keep the prayer swell.  
It's not just about space, but focus too,  
When we pray, our hearts should be true.



Mansoor:

But Baba, what happens when we pray,  
And people or things get in the way?

Baba:

Good question, my son, it's true sometimes,  
Distractions may come, in many forms and times.  
But like the Prophet ﷺ showed us right,  
Focus on Allah with all your might.

Mansoor:

The Harba was there to make sure,  
That no one distracted the prayer, so pure?

Baba:

Yes, my dear, it was a way,  
To keep the prayer clean, without dismay.  
But it's not just the Harba, you must see,  
It's about your heart, being calm and free.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, it's clear to me,  
It's about focus and sincerity,  
In every prayer, in every part,  
We pray with our mind, body, and heart.

Baba:

That's the lesson, my son, so pure,  
In each prayer, we must ensure,  
Our hearts are focused, our minds are clear,  
And with Allah's mercy, there's nothing to fear.

### The Prophet's Focused Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me more about the Prophet's prayer,  
I want to know how he showed his care.  
Did he have a special way to keep pure,  
When praying, ensuring his heart was secure?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ, so wise,  
Used a simple way to keep his prayer precise.  
He had an Anza planted right before,  
To make sure nothing came through the door.

Mansoor:

What's an Anza, Baba, can you explain?  
How did it help him pray without strain?

Baba:

An Anza is like a staff, tall and straight,  
It marked the space where the prayer's great.  
Though women and donkeys passed beyond,

He stayed focused, with his heart so fond.

Mansoor:

So the Anza helped keep distractions away,  
So the Prophet ﷺ could pray with no sway?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's about respect,  
For the prayer space and keeping it correct.  
Even when the world moved around,  
The Prophet ﷺ's focus was sound.

Mansoor:

And Baba, when I pray, should I also try,  
To focus my heart and not let it fly?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, just like the Prophet did,  
When you pray, focus and never let it skid.  
Distractions may come, but keep your mind clear,  
And remember Allah, who's always near.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, so pure,  
That focus in prayer is what makes it sure.  
With an Anza or not, my heart will stay,  
Focused on Allah in every prayer I say.

Baba:

That's the spirit, Mansoor, you've learned it right,  
Focus on Allah with all your might.  
In every prayer, in every part,  
Make sure your soul and mind take part.

### The Prophet's Cleanliness and Care

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me, what did the Prophet ﷺ do,  
When he went to answer nature's call, so true?  
Did he go alone, or did someone go near,  
To help him, so nothing would interfere?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ, so wise,  
Had helpers who were always by his side.  
Anas Ibn Malik and another boy,  
Would follow with care, ready to deploy.

Mansoor:

What did they carry, Baba, so kind?  
What did they do to ease his mind?

Baba:

They brought a staff, a stick, or an Anza,

And a tumbler of water, ready to pour.  
When the Prophet ﷺ finished his task,  
They handed him water, without a single ask.

Mansoor:

That's amazing, Baba, such respect and care,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed kindness everywhere.  
Is it important to help others too?  
Even when the task seems small to you?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it's about kindness and grace,  
Helping each other in every place.  
Just as the Prophet ﷺ had helpers with him,  
We should serve with love, even on a whim.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how service is key,  
It's not just about what we can see.  
It's the small acts, with love and devotion,  
That bring us closer to Allah's emotion.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood well,  
Service and cleanliness in our hearts should dwell.  
In every small action, from big to small,  
We can serve with kindness and love for all.

Mansoor:

I'll remember this, Baba, and always be kind,  
Serving others with an open mind.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, I'll learn to care,  
For those around me, always fair.

### The Blessed Water

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me, on a hot sunny day,  
What did the Prophet ﷺ do in such a way?  
Did he pray, like we do at home,  
Or did he do something more on his own?

Baba:

Ah, my dear Mansoor, let me tell you the story,  
Of how the Prophet ﷺ prayed in his glory.  
It was midday, the sun was high,  
And the Prophet ﷺ stood with his head held high.

Mansoor:

What did he do, Baba, when the sun was so bright,  
Did he pray just like us, in the morning light?

Baba:

Yes, my son, he prayed two Rakat,

A special Zuhr and Asr at Al-Batha's spot.  
An Anza was planted before him with care,  
To mark his place, and for others to beware.

Mansoor:

And did anyone watch him, Baba, so kind,  
Were there any people standing behind?

Baba:

Yes, indeed, Mansoor, the people were near,  
They saw the Prophet ﷺ, so full of cheer.  
After he prayed, with devotion so pure,  
The people gathered, their faith to secure.

Mansoor:

What did they do, Baba, after he prayed?  
Did they just leave, or was something displayed?

Baba:

They saw the water left from his ablution,  
And with respect, they found a solution.  
They rubbed it on their bodies, so blessed,  
To gain from the Prophet ﷺ's goodness, no less.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba, how special that must have been,  
To be so close, to feel so serene.

What can I learn from this, do you say?  
How can I act in a kind way?

Baba:

Mansoor, my son, listen to this truth,  
It's not just about age or the youth.  
It's the small acts of kindness, we all should share,  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, who showed love and care.

Mansoor:

I'll remember, Baba, the Prophet's ﷺ way,  
To show kindness and respect every day.  
I'll cherish the blessings and water so pure,  
And always be kind, that's for sure!

Baba:

That's right, Mansoor, now you understand,  
To live with kindness, and give a helping hand.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, in all that he did,  
We too should act with love, just as he bid.

The Pillar of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me, why does Salama pray,  
Near the pillar, every single day?  
I see him stand with great devotion,



As though he's filled with deep emotion.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, there's a story behind this,  
A lesson of faith that we must not miss.  
Salama prayed near a pillar so near,  
Because the Prophet ﷺ, too, held it dear.

Mansoor:

The Prophet ﷺ? Oh, tell me more!  
Why did he pray where the pillar stood before?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ showed the way,  
Praying near that pillar every single day.  
And Salama, watching with eyes full of trust,  
Followed the Prophet ﷺ, as he thought he must.

Mansoor:

But Baba, did the pillar make a prayer so great?  
Was it the pillar, or was it his faith's weight?

Baba:

The pillar wasn't special, my dear little one,  
It was the Prophet ﷺ's actions that shone like the sun.  
It wasn't the place, but the way he prayed,  
With sincerity, humility, and never delayed.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, is it where we pray that counts,  
Or the love we have for Allah that amounts?

Baba:

Mansoor, my son, it's not the spot,  
But how pure your heart is when you take your lot.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed wherever he stood,  
And it's our sincerity that makes our prayer good.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, it's the heart that's true,  
It's how we pray and what we do.  
I'll remember this, every time I pray,  
And follow the Prophet ﷺ's way.

Baba:

That's my son, who's learning so well,  
To love Allah and make your prayer swell.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, with all his might,  
Pray with sincerity, and your heart will be light.

Hurry to the Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I saw a man run so fast,

To the pillar before the prayer at last.  
He hurried just like the Prophet ﷺ did,  
Why is it so important to get there, Baba, amid?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, my son, let me explain,  
The rush you saw was not in vain.  
When the companions of the Prophet ﷺ would hear,  
The call to Maghrib, they'd hurry with no fear.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did they run so quick?  
What was it that made them pick?  
The pillar, the place to stand and wait,  
What made them hurry, why the rush at the gate?

Baba:

It's because they knew the worth of time,  
Each moment of prayer, it's like a rhyme.  
The Prophet ﷺ would always be there,  
And they didn't want to miss a prayer shared.

Mansoor:

But Baba, they were the greatest of all,  
Why would they rush and hurry to the call?

Baba:

Because, my son, the great ones knew,  
How precious the prayer was, pure and true.  
They wanted to be the first to stand,  
To pray with the Prophet ﷺ, and Allah's command.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, it's not just the prayer, you see,  
But how we feel, how sincere we'll be.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it's the heart we bring,  
To every prayer, like birds that sing.  
Hurry to the prayer, don't be late,  
The reward for that is truly great.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, what they knew,  
The value of prayer, both old and new.  
I'll hurry to the prayer, with love and care,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ and those who are fair.

Baba:

That's my son, who's learning so right,  
To hurry to the prayer, with all his might.  
Remember, my son, it's never too late,  
For those who hurry, Allah opens the gate.

## Praying in the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard of a sacred place,  
The Ka'bah, with its holy grace.  
But what happened when the Prophet ﷺ, so pure,  
Entered there with companions, his faith to secure?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, my dear son, let me tell you well,  
The story of a day when the Prophet ﷺ did dwell,  
Inside the Ka'bah, with Usama, Bilal, and Uthman,  
They stayed there for a while, as Allah's plan.

Mansoor:

Did they pray there, Baba, when they went in?  
Where did the Prophet ﷺ begin?

Baba:

Yes, my son, the Prophet ﷺ prayed,  
Between two pillars, his heart unafraid.  
A place so special, so pure and divine,  
Where worship and peace beautifully align.

Mansoor:

But Baba, did anyone go inside after him?  
What did Bilal (RA) say to Ibn Umar's whim?

Baba:

Bilal (RA) shared, with a voice so calm,  
He prayed where the Prophet ﷺ did, in peace and  
charm.

Between the two pillars, the prayer was made,  
A blessed spot where faith never fades.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, why is this story so grand?  
What lesson should I understand?

Baba:

The lesson, my son, is simple and true,  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us what to do.  
Pray with sincerity, wherever you may be,  
And respect the places where faith is free.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, it's not just the place,  
But the purity of heart, that we must embrace.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood right,  
It's the sincerity of prayer, that shines so bright.  
Whether at home, in the mosque, or near the Ka'bah's  
door,

Our connection with Allah is what we adore.

## Prayer Inside the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard of the Ka'bah, so pure,  
A sacred place where faith endures.  
Did the Prophet ﷺ pray there, I wonder?  
What did he do, what did he ponder?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you well,  
A story of the Prophet ﷺ, where prayers swell.  
He entered the Ka'bah with some friends that day,  
And closed the door, for privacy, to pray.

Mansoor:

With Usama, Bilal, and Uthman too,  
They prayed there, Baba, but where did they do?  
Did the Prophet ﷺ pray just anywhere?  
Or was there a special spot, a place of care?

Baba:

Yes, my son, he prayed with grace,  
Between the pillars, a sacred space.  
One pillar on his left, one on his right,  
And three more behind, in the blessed light.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Ka'bah had pillars then,  
And the Prophet ﷺ prayed with his men?

Baba:

Yes, indeed, Mansoor, the Ka'bah stood tall,  
With six pillars supporting it all.  
And the Prophet ﷺ prayed there with might,  
In the presence of Allah, a wondrous sight.

Mansoor:

But Baba, did anyone see him inside?  
What did they say, what was the guide?

Baba:

Bilal (RA) spoke, when he came out,  
He said the Prophet ﷺ prayed, no doubt,  
Between the pillars, with hearts so pure,  
A lesson for us all, to pray and endure.

Mansoor:

Baba, I see now, the lesson you've taught,  
It's not where we pray, but the faith we've sought.  
In the Ka'bah, or anywhere, far or near,  
Sincerity and love for Allah must be clear.



Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood right,  
It's the purity of prayer that shines so bright.  
Wherever we stand, wherever we may be,  
Our connection with Allah is the key to be free.

Prayer in the Ka'bah

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard so much about the Ka'bah,  
Where the Prophet ﷺ prayed and stood tall,  
But when I picture it, I wonder too,  
Where did he pray? What should we do?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, the Ka'bah, sacred and grand,  
Is where the Prophet ﷺ, by Allah's hand,  
Offered his prayer with the utmost devotion,  
A place of peace, of pure emotion.

Mansoor:

Did the Prophet ﷺ pray anywhere inside?  
Or was there a special spot, a place to hide?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ had a special place,  
Where he prayed, in a blessed space.

It was between two pillars, where he stood,  
A place of serenity, a place of good.

Mansoor:

But Baba, when Abdullah ibn Umar prayed,  
Did he do the same, or was it different in some way?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, Abdullah would enter the Ka'bah,  
And walk ahead, leaving the door behind.  
He would go three cubits, just like the guide,  
And offer his prayer, where the Prophet ﷺ did reside.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if I ever visit the Ka'bah one day,  
Can I pray anywhere, or is there a special way?

Baba:

You see, my son, it's not the place that matters,  
But the heart that prays and the soul that gathers.  
The Ka'bah is sacred, yes, that's true,  
But any spot inside will do.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ taught us so,  
To pray with love, wherever we go.  
It's the sincerity, not the place,

That brings us closer to Allah's grace.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've understood well,  
The lesson from the Ka'bah, I hope you'll tell.  
It's not the walls, the pillars, or space,  
But the purity of prayer that's the true embrace.

The Sacred Sutra

Mansoor:

Baba, when we pray, what should we do,  
To make sure our prayer is pure and true?  
I've heard of a Sutra, but what does it mean,  
And how does it help our prayer be serene?

Baba:

Ah, my son, the Sutra is quite dear,  
It helps our prayer be focused and clear.  
The Prophet ﷺ, in his prayer so neat,  
Used a Sutra, to make his prayer complete.

Mansoor:

What is a Sutra, Baba, can you show me?  
Is it something special that I need to see?

Baba:

A Sutra is something to stand in front,  
A stick or a saddle, wherever you want.  
The Prophet ﷺ used his she-camel too,  
To pray behind it, as he knew what to do.

Mansoor:

But Baba, what if the camel moves,  
What would the Prophet ﷺ choose?

Baba:

Good question, my son, the camel could shift,  
But the Prophet ﷺ had a clever gift.  
He would place the camel's saddle ahead,  
And pray behind it, as Allah said.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, we must have a Sutra too?  
To keep our prayer focused, and peaceful too?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, the Sutra is a guide,  
To help you focus and not let distractions slide.  
When we pray, we show our respect,  
For Allah's presence, our hearts connect.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, now I understand,

A Sutra helps us stay focused and grand.  
I'll make sure to use one when I pray,  
So my heart stays pure, and my mind won't stray.

Baba:

That's right, my son, you've learned so well,  
A Sutra helps keep our prayers from swell.  
It's not just a tool, but a way to connect,  
With Allah's mercy, and His great respect.

## The Quiet Respect

Mansoor:

Baba, I've heard something about the Prophet ﷺ,  
And how he prayed with such peace and calm.  
I heard that Aishah (RA) once asked in dismay,  
Why she should move when the Prophet would pray?

Baba:

Ah, my son, that story is a lesson so wise,  
It shows us respect, how we should rise.  
Aishah (RA) lay on the bed one day,  
When the Prophet ﷺ came to pray.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did she move away?  
What made her feel that she should sway?

Baba:

It's about respect, my dear Mansoor,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with love so pure.  
He faced the middle of the bed to pray,  
But Aishah (RA) knew she must stay away.

Mansoor:

But Baba, were they not equal in their love,  
For the Prophet ﷺ, who guided them from above?

Baba:

Yes, they were equals in faith and grace,  
But she respected his prayer space.  
She didn't want to interrupt his devotion,  
So she slipped away with gentle emotion.

Mansoor:

Ah, I see, Baba, it's about respect,  
Not to disturb, and not to neglect.  
We must show care for the prayer so true,  
So our hearts stay pure, and our love renew.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's a simple thing,  
Respecting the prayer and the peace it brings.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with humility so bright,

And Aishah (RA) knew how to make it right.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, now I see,  
How respect in prayer sets our hearts free.  
I'll follow this lesson in my prayer too,  
To show respect for Allah, in all I do.

### The Respect of Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've been learning about the prayer,  
And how the Prophet ﷺ showed great care.  
I heard about a story, of respect so true,  
Can you share it with me? I'm eager to hear too.

Baba:

Of course, my son, I'll share this tale,  
It's about respect and why we must not fail.  
Abu Said Al-Khudri (RA) was praying one day,  
Behind a Sutra, as the Prophet ﷺ did say.

Mansoor:

What's a Sutra, Baba? Is it a special thing?  
Is it something that makes the prayer sing?

Baba:

A Sutra is an object that stands in the way,  
So no one can pass while you pray.  
It helps keep your focus and prayer pure,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ wanted for sure.

Mansoor:

So, what happened next, Baba? Please tell me more,  
I want to understand, that's what I adore.

Baba:

Well, a young man came, wanting to pass by,  
But Abu Said (RA) saw him and said, "Oh my!"  
He gently pushed him, not once, but twice,  
For the Prophet ﷺ had given this advice.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why did the man try to pass?  
Wasn't he respectful, or did he not ask?

Baba:

The man didn't know, he didn't understand,  
He tried to pass without a plan.  
But Abu Said (RA) knew what to do,  
He followed the Prophet ﷺ's guidance so true.

Mansoor:

Did the young man get angry, Baba, what did he say?



Did he shout or fight, or just walk away?

Baba:

Oh yes, my son, the young man was mad,  
He went to Marwan, feeling quite bad.  
He complained about Abu Said (RA) to the leader,  
But Abu Said (RA) knew the guidance was clearer.

Mansoor:

And then what happened, Baba, did they agree?  
What was the answer, can you tell it to me?

Baba:

Marwan asked Abu Said (RA) what had occurred,  
And Abu Said explained, without any word,  
The Prophet ﷺ said, "If someone tries to pass,  
When you pray behind a Sutra, it's no small task."

Mansoor:

So, Baba, I understand now, I see it clear,  
Respecting the Sutra is something we hold dear.  
We must protect our prayer, with focus and care,  
And not let distractions lead us to despair.

Baba:

Yes, my son, respect is key,  
For our prayers to Allah, in unity.

We follow the Prophet ﷺ's way,  
And keep our hearts in prayer each day.

## The Value of Respect in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I've been learning something so wise,  
About prayer and respect that opens my eyes.  
I heard that passing in front of someone's prayer,  
Is something so serious, and hard to bear.

Baba:

Yes, my son, you've heard it just right,  
Respecting others in prayer is quite bright.  
Let me tell you a story from long ago,  
Of a teaching from the Prophet ﷺ, you should know.

Mansoor:

Tell me, Baba, what did the Prophet ﷺ say?  
Was it a big lesson that shows us the way?

Baba:

A man asked about passing in front of prayer,  
He wanted to know if it was right or fair.  
The Prophet ﷺ said, "If you only knew,  
The sin of passing, you'd not do it, it's true."

Mansoor:

Oh, Baba, what did he mean by that?  
Is it really a sin that's so bad?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ said, "If you knew the cost,  
You'd prefer to wait, no matter the loss."  
He didn't say for days, months, or years,  
But the sin would be great, bringing many fears.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, if someone tries to pass,  
During someone's prayer, it's really not class?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's more than a rule,  
It's a way to protect the prayer as a tool.  
When someone prays, they focus on Allah,  
And nothing should disturb that, not near or far.

Mansoor:

But Baba, if I see someone pass by,  
Should I stop them or just stay shy?

Baba:

If you see it happen, my son, don't delay,  
Politely tell them to wait and stay.

Respect their prayer, just like you'd want,  
For yourself, as Allah's guidance we should flaunt.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, the value so clear,  
Respect in prayer is something we hold dear.  
It's a lesson we learn, not just for today,  
But for all our prayers, every time we pray.

Baba:

Yes, my son, respect is key,  
In all that we do, as you can see.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us this way,  
To keep our prayers pure every day.

## The Value of Respect in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard something very strange,  
About prayer and things that can change.  
They say a dog, a donkey, and a woman,  
Can stop the prayer if they cross, just like that, and then?

Baba:

Oh, my son, let me explain this right,  
These words are misunderstood, so don't take fright.  
In the time of the Prophet ﷺ, it was taught,

That things passing in front of prayer should not be sought.

Mansoor:

But Baba, does that mean we're like dogs or worse?  
That's so confusing! What's the real verse?

Baba:

No, my son, that's not what it means,  
It's about respect, a lesson it seems.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed while his wife, Aishah (RA), lay,  
Between him and the Qibla, in the same place each day.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, did the Prophet ﷺ mind at all?  
If someone walked by, would he stop his prayer call?

Baba:

Not at all, my son, the Prophet ﷺ knew,  
That Aishah (RA) was there, and he kept his focus true.  
But when things cross in front, it distracts the mind,  
And that's why it's better to avoid, to keep the prayer aligned.

Mansoor:

But Baba, it seems so unfair to me,  
Why should a woman be in that category?

Baba:

Ah, my son, you see, it's not about rank,  
It's about the focus, so let's give thanks.  
A woman's presence is pure, and her role is so dear,  
But during prayer, no distraction should appear.

Mansoor:

So Baba, if someone walks by while I pray,  
I should just move or ask them to stay away?

Baba:

Yes, my son, you should gently guide,  
So that prayer can flow, with peace by your side.  
It's not about blame, nor about the name,  
It's about respect for prayer, and keeping it the same.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, what you say,  
Respecting the prayer in every way.  
Whether dog, donkey, or any person we see,  
We should all show kindness, respect, and be free.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, you've learned it well,  
Respect in prayer is the key, as we tell.  
So whenever you pray, remember this too,

Focus, respect, and your heart will stay true.

Waking for Witr

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story today,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and how he would pray.  
They say he prayed Witr in the night,  
But when he did, he'd wake up his wife, right?

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's true,  
The Prophet ﷺ had a special way to do.  
Aisha (RA) would rest, her sleep so deep,  
While the Prophet ﷺ prayed, his heart to keep.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, did he pray alone each night?  
Why would he wake her up, even though it was late at night?

Baba:

The Prophet ﷺ loved to pray with care,  
But he also wanted his loved ones to share.  
When it was time for Witr, so special and bright,  
He'd wake Aisha (RA) to join him in prayer that night.

Mansoor:

But Baba, why would he wake her from sleep,  
When she was tired and wanted to keep?

Baba:

My son, the Prophet ﷺ knew the value so deep,  
Of making the most of the night's sleep.  
He would wake her with kindness, not force,  
Inviting her to join the prayer, a loving course.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, is Witr very important to pray?  
Should we pray it, even if it's late in the day?

Baba:

Witr, my son, is special indeed,  
A prayer that brings us peace and need.  
It's the last prayer of the night, so true,  
A gift from Allah, for me and for you.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how gentle and kind,  
The Prophet ﷺ was in waking Aisha's mind.  
He cared for her and wanted her near,  
To pray with him, with love and cheer.

Baba:



Exactly, my son, it's about respect and care,  
Even in prayer, we must always share.  
So, whenever you pray, keep this in mind,  
Witr brings peace and closeness, truly divine.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, I'll pray with love,  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ taught from above.

### The Prophet's Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard something today,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his gentle way.  
Aisha (RA) said something that I found so kind,  
That when the Prophet ﷺ prayed, she was there behind.

Baba:

Yes, my son, Aisha (RA) was always near,  
Her love for the Prophet ﷺ was so dear.  
She slept at his feet, in a peaceful place,  
Even when he prayed, showing such grace.

Mansoor:

But Baba, how did they manage to sleep?  
There were no lamps, no lights to keep.

Baba:

You're right, my son, the nights were dark,  
But the Prophet ﷺ's love left a lasting mark.  
In those days, no lamps would shine,  
But the love between them was pure and fine.

Mansoor:

I'm curious, Baba, how did they pray,  
When Aisha (RA) was there, in the same way?

Baba:

Well, my son, when the Prophet ﷺ would bow,  
Aisha (RA) would move, her feet not in his path now.  
When he stood, her feet would stretch again,  
It was a way to respect the prayer, again and again.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, he would gently move her feet,  
To show respect, so their prayer was complete?

Baba:

Exactly, my son, it's all about care,  
Respecting each other, being always fair.  
Even in prayer, small things count too,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed respect in all he would do.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, how love is shown,  
Even in the smallest ways, it is known.  
The Prophet ﷺ, so gentle and kind,  
Taught us how to love with heart and mind.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, always remember this truth,  
Respect and kindness are gifts of great youth.  
In everything you do, big or small,  
Show respect and love, and answer the call.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, I'll follow his way,  
And spread love and kindness every day.

### A Respectful Heart

Mansoor:

Baba, I learned something today,  
That made me stop and think, and pray.  
Aisha (RA) shared a thought so kind,  
About how the Prophet ﷺ respected her mind.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, what did you learn,  
From Aisha (RA) and her heart that would always burn?  
The Prophet ﷺ treated her with love so deep,

In his care, her heart would always leap.

Mansoor:

Well, Baba, Aisha (RA) said with care,  
That when people prayed, they would beware.  
They said that a woman, dog, or a donkey,  
Could annul the prayer and make it feel faulty.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, that was said by some,  
But Aisha (RA) was wise, and here's what she'd come.  
She loved the Prophet ﷺ with all her heart,  
And knew his prayer was pure from the start.

Mansoor:

But Baba, didn't she feel sad?  
When people compared her to dogs, that seemed bad.

Baba:

Yes, my son, she did feel hurt,  
But Aisha (RA) was wise and pure in her words.  
She understood, with grace and light,  
The Prophet ﷺ loved her with all his might.

Mansoor:

I see now, Baba, that respect is key,  
To show kindness and care so thoughtfully.

Aisha (RA) would lie, not to disturb,  
But would slip away with love, not to curb.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood it well,  
Respect in everything is the story to tell.  
Aisha (RA) didn't want to be in the way,  
So, she would move and let him pray.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, she loved him so,  
That in his prayer, her respect would show.

Baba:

Yes, my son, this is the way,  
To love and respect, every single day.  
In small actions, we show our love and care,  
Just like Aisha (RA) did with the Prophet ﷺ, so fair.

Mansoor:

I will, Baba, I'll always show,  
Respect and kindness, wherever I go.

The Night Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, today I learned something so bright,

About the Prophet ﷺ and his prayer at night.  
Aisha (RA) told a story so pure,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his love for Allah, so sure.

Baba:

Tell me, my son, what did you hear?  
What made you feel so amazed and sincere?

Mansoor:

Aisha (RA) said, while she lay in bed,  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, his heart being led.  
Between him and the Qibla, she would sleep,  
But his devotion to Allah, so deep.

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you are wise to learn,  
Of the Prophet ﷺ's nightly concern.  
He prayed so much, with love in his heart,  
And showed us how to do our part.

Mansoor:

But Baba, she lay so close to him,  
Wouldn't it have made his prayer dim?  
Wasn't it hard for him to focus and pray,  
With someone so near, just a breath away?

Baba:

No, my son, it was love, not a hindrance at all,  
The Prophet ﷺ's devotion was deep and tall.  
Aisha (RA) respected him, and he, her,  
In their love for Allah, they'd always concur.

Mansoor:

So even when she lay by his side,  
The Prophet ﷺ would pray with Allah as his guide?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, with patience and care,  
The Prophet ﷺ's worship was always fair.  
He'd rise at night, without delay,  
To pray and seek Allah's way.

Mansoor:

And Aisha (RA), lying so near,  
Would feel the love and always cheer.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, their hearts were one,  
In love and worship, under the same sun.  
We learn from them, to pray and strive,  
With sincerity and love, to keep our faith alive.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, with all my heart,

That prayer and love should never be apart.  
I'll try my best, each day and night,  
To follow the Prophet ﷺ and always do right.

## The Prophet's Love and Care

Mansoor:

Baba, today I learned something sweet,  
About the Prophet ﷺ and his love so complete.  
He prayed with care, with love in his heart,  
But he also showed his family love from the start.

Baba:

Tell me, my son, what did you learn?  
What made your heart for the Prophet ﷺ burn?

Mansoor:

I heard that Umama, so gentle and dear,  
The Prophet ﷺ carried her, always near.  
While he prayed, she would be in his arms,  
He carried her with love, free from harm.

Baba:

Yes, my son, that's a beautiful story,  
Of love and devotion, in all its glory.  
The Prophet ﷺ, so gentle and kind,  
Showed us how to love with heart and mind.



Mansoor:

But Baba, how did he pray with her there,  
On his neck, with such love and care?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, he prayed without fear,  
With Umama close, but his focus so clear.  
When he prostrated, he gently laid her down,  
When he stood, she was carried, no frown.

Mansoor:

So he never let her fall, not once,  
Even while praying, he kept his balance, and wonce.  
He showed us, Baba, how to be kind,  
To care for others, with love in mind.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, the Prophet ﷺ's love,  
Was always gentle, from Allah above.  
He balanced his worship and family care,  
Showing us that love is always there.

Mansoor:

I want to be like him, Baba, I do,  
To show love to others in everything I pursue.

Baba:

And you will, Mansoor, I know you will,  
With love in your heart, and a heart that's still.  
The Prophet ﷺ taught us the way,  
To love and care, each and every day.

### A Prayer of Love and Respect

Mansoor:

Baba, I've been thinking about something dear,  
About the Prophet ﷺ, and how he'd pray with care so  
near.  
I heard a story that touched my heart so true,  
It's about his love, and the respect he knew.

Baba:

What story is this, my son, do tell?  
What has made your heart feel so well?

Mansoor:

I learned about Maimuna, the Prophet's wife,  
Whose bed was near the prayer, every day of her life.  
She lay there quietly, resting her head,  
When the Prophet ﷺ prayed, with love, as he led.

Baba:

Ah, yes, my son, that story is sweet,

A lesson for us in how to be neat.  
While praying, the Prophet ﷺ had great care,  
Even when his garment touched Maimuna's bed, so fair.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ was mindful, it seems,  
Of the space around him, even in his dreams.  
His clothes didn't touch by accident, you say?  
He made sure to respect her, in every way.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, respect was key,  
In every action, as you can see.  
Even in his prayers, with Allah so near,  
He showed love and respect, year after year.

Mansoor:

But Baba, it seems like it must've been hard,  
To pray while being so careful in the yard.  
How did the Prophet ﷺ balance it all,  
And still stand firm, answering Allah's call?

Baba:

It's the beauty of love, my son, so pure,  
That makes one patient, steady, and sure.  
The Prophet ﷺ's heart was full of grace,  
Always mindful of those in his space.

Mansoor:

I understand now, Baba, with love and care,  
We make sure others feel that they're always there.  
Respecting each other, in every way,  
Is what the Prophet ﷺ taught us every day.

Baba:

That's right, my son, the Prophet ﷺ's love,  
Is a guide for us from Allah above.  
So, remember, in everything you do,  
Respect and care will always shine through.

### Respecting and Caring for One Another

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story today,  
It made me think and ponder, I must say.  
It's about the Prophet ﷺ and his love so deep,  
Even while his wife, Maimuna, would sleep.

Baba:

What story, my son? Tell me, do share,  
What part of the Prophet's life showed care?

Mansoor:

Maimuna lay beside him, resting so still,

During her menses, it was part of Allah's will.  
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, as gentle as could be,  
And his garment would touch her, so carefully.

Baba:

Yes, my son, this story is sweet,  
It teaches us love, in actions so neat.  
Even when there were times that seemed tough,  
The Prophet ﷺ showed kindness enough.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, even during times like those,  
When the Prophet ﷺ prayed, love he chose?  
He made sure to be kind, to respect and to care,  
Even with his wife resting, right there?

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, he taught us with grace,  
To show respect in every space.  
Whether in prayer or when we rest,  
Love and respect are always best.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, it's more than just prayer,  
It's showing respect, kindness, and care.  
Even in moments when things may seem tough,  
It's in those times that love must be enough.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, it's all about love,  
As the Prophet ﷺ showed, from Allah above.  
So, always remember to show respect,  
In every action, with no regret.

Mansoor:

I'll remember, Baba, I'll always be kind,  
Respecting others, with love in my mind.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, I'll strive to be,  
A person of love and respect, you'll see.

### Respect and Understanding in Prayer

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story today,  
That made me stop and think, I must say.  
It's about the Prophet ﷺ, so kind and so wise,  
And how he showed respect, with gentle eyes.

Baba:

What story, my son? Tell me, do share,  
I'd love to hear what you've learned there.

Mansoor:

It's about Aishah (RA), the Prophet's wife,

And how she spoke about respect in life.  
She said, “Don’t compare us to dogs or donkeys,”  
For we all deserve kindness and love, so honestly.

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, respect is what we need,  
For each other, in thought, word, and deed.  
The Prophet ﷺ, in prayer, was kind,  
Always thoughtful of others, gentle and mindful in mind.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, when Aishah (RA) lay there to rest,  
And the Prophet ﷺ prayed, doing his best,  
He would gently push her legs, and then,  
She’d withdraw them, with no problem again.

Baba:

That’s right, my son, the Prophet ﷺ,  
Even while praying, showed kindness to them.  
Respecting his wife, with care and grace,  
Even in prayer, he knew his place.

Mansoor:

I see, Baba, it’s not just about the prayer,  
But about showing kindness, love, and care.  
Even when we’re busy, we must always be,  
Mindful of others, in respect and harmony.

Baba:

Exactly, Mansoor, respect is key,  
In everything we do, for you and me.  
Whether in prayer or day-to-day life,  
Respect for all, is free of strife.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, I'll always remember,  
To show respect, through every season and weather.  
Just like the Prophet ﷺ, with care so true,  
I'll be kind and respectful, in all that I do.

### The Power of Patience and Dignity

Mansoor:

Baba, I heard a story so sad today,  
About people who were cruel in every way.  
They did something terrible to the Prophet ﷺ,  
But he remained calm, showing patience so grand.

Baba:

What did they do, my dear son?  
Tell me the story, and we'll discuss it when you're done.

Mansoor:

Some people from Quraish, full of hate,



Wanted to harm the Prophet ﷺ, it was their fate.  
They waited for him to prostrate in prayer,  
And placed dung and blood on him, unaware.

Baba:

Such cruelty, my son, it's hard to believe,  
But the Prophet ﷺ, he didn't grieve.  
He stayed in his prayer, without any hate,  
Teaching us patience, no matter the state.

Mansoor:

Then, Baba, Fatima (RA), young and so kind,  
Came running to the Prophet ﷺ, to find,  
She removed the filth from his back with care,  
Cursing those who showed no love or prayer.

Baba:

Yes, Fatima (RA) was brave and true,  
She loved her father, as we should do.  
But the Prophet ﷺ, though hurt by their deed,  
Taught us to be patient and not to feed,  
Anger or revenge, but to leave it to Allah,  
For He is the Best Avenger, we must never fall.

Mansoor:

So the Prophet ﷺ prayed for their fate,  
But he did not retaliate with anger or hate.

He asked Allah for justice, and He did reply,  
For the people of Quraish were defeated in time, by and  
by.

Baba:

Correct, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ showed,  
That patience and dignity are the righteous road.  
In times of cruelty, don't seek revenge,  
But trust in Allah, His power to avenge.

Mansoor:

I understand, Baba, it's not about being tough,  
But staying calm when the going gets rough.  
Like the Prophet ﷺ, we should show grace,  
And trust in Allah to guide us to a better place.

Baba:

Exactly, my son, that's the lesson to learn,  
Patience and dignity, in every turn.  
No matter the challenge, no matter the test,  
We trust in Allah's plan, and do our best.